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G. W. Spaulding,
LEXINGTON.

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to buy drugs, is the cheap way. If medicine is to cure the sick, it must be the best and purest, and skill and experience are also necessary in the art of compounding physicians' prescriptions. We are registered pharmacists and we employ registered clerks in our prescription department. There's a very pointed moral to this true tale. We simply give you our name and let you draw your own conclusions.

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In bread making is achieved in the white, light and delicious loaves, baked here every day. We use nothing but the best flour, pure and high grade, and our bread is nourishing, wholesome and tempting to the most fastidious. All of our Bakedstuffs are unsurpassed for high-grade excellence. Our Ice Cream and Catering is the best.

N. J. HARDY,

657 Massachusetts Avenue,
ARLINGTON.

ONE YEAR IN JAIL. FOR FOURTH TERM.

Theodore W. Park Sentenced
in Famous Bribery Case.

The Same Verdict Given Lincoln Man
for Assault on Street Car Conductor
Matthew J. Miller of North Lexington—Miller Badly Injured Trying
to Quell Disturbance.

Theodore W. Park, of East Lexington, received a sentence of one year in the house of correction, Monday, on the bribery charge which has been hanging over him since the special town election last spring. The case has been appealed and will go before the superior court, which convenes the last of the month. His case will be called Nov. 4.

At the preliminary trial in the spring, Mr. Park pleaded guilty to the charge which was to the effect that he had offered a gallon of whiskey to James E. White, of Lexington, to influence his vote at the town meeting, May 20, in favor of George W. Taylor, a candidate for selectman. It was admitted by Mr. Park that he alone was responsible for the alleged bribe, and that neither Mr. Taylor nor any other man was in any way responsible for the attempted bribery. The case was continued by the judge, who said he would pronounce sentence in October, and held Mr. Park under \$500 bonds.

At the court Monday there was nothing sensational in the case for no witnesses were heard. When Mr. Park's case was called he arose and the sentence was pronounced. Evidently Mr. Park was surprised when he heard the verdict, for he had evidently been expecting a much lighter sentence. From what he had said after the first hearing, it is thought he thought a fine would be imposed. Mr. Park took his seat and did not say a word until asked if he could furnish the required \$500 bonds. He said he could not at that time for he was who was his bondsman after the first hearing, evidently decided not to take the risk a second time. He was taken to Cambridge by Chief of Police Franks and placed in a cell, as no one came forward with the required bonds.

As is well known by Lexington people, Mr. Park created another sensation during the summer by removing his household goods from East Lexington and leaving his wife, Mrs. Park, later went to Cambridge where she lives with her son.

Samuel McDonald, of Lincoln, was sentenced to a year in the house of correction by the Concord court, Monday, for assault and battery on Street Car Conductor Matthew J. Miller, of North Lexington. The assault was the result of too free indulgence in liquor at a Boston rum shop, where the defendant had stopped during the greater part of last Saturday. McDonald was on his way home by electric and came as far as Arlington Heights, on the electric, and then boarded a Lexington & Boston car. Ernest B. Adams, of Lexington, was also a passenger and had with him some pastry which he was bringing home. McDonald took a seat beside Adams and sat down on the pastry, whereupon the latter requested him to move a bit in order that the food might be spared for the next day's dinner. McDonald immediately became abusive, and used loud and indecent language which was also charged against him in the complaint. Finally Adams requested the conductor to stop the disturbance and an attempt was made to do so. All this had happened before the car had started from the Heights, and Officer Barry, of the Arlington police force, was called up, and the man promised to keep quiet.

His good resolution lasted, however, until the car started, for it had not proceeded very far when he became more obnoxious than before. The passengers on the car were subjects of comment and Conductor Miller again tried to quell the disturbance. It became so unbearable that he stopped the car and told McDonald to get off, whereupon the latter seized Miller and after a quick struggle threw him off the car. Both men went over in a heap with Miller underneath, and the fall was sufficient to dislocate the conductor's elbow and rupture a blood vessel. He was badly hurt, however, to get on to the car again and McDonald made up his mind to ride the remainder of the distance. Miller alighted at the residence of Dr. Valentine, where his arm was treated, and Chief Franks was quickly informed of the assault. The chief telephoned to Supt. Greene at the car barn in North Lexington, to stop the car and arrest the man or hold him until the officer arrived, but it was learned that the man had got off the car in the center. He was later discovered trying to hire a team for Lincoln, and Chief Franks placed him under arrest. McDonald is said to be a good hearted man when sober, but a bad man when under the influence of rum. He has been employed by a Mr. Myers on a farm in Lincoln. He is about 40 years of age.

POLICE ROLL.

The Arlington Police Relief association has voted to have a ball in the Arlington town hall, Nov. 6, and these committees have been appointed: Hall, Officers Duffy, Smith and Fall; music, Officers Harriman, Woods and Whitten; general committee, Officers Harriman, Duffy, Smith, Fall, Woods, Irwin and Whitten; floor marshal, A. S. Harriman; floor director, James E. Whitten; assistant floor director, Andrew Irwin; aids, John Duffy, Robert Fall, Charles H. Woods, Fred E. Smith.

ARLINGTON GOLF.

The women of the Arlington Golf club continue to play Wednesday afternoon for the Florence Hill cup, with the following results:

	Gr's	H's	P's	Net	Pts
Miss Elizabeth Adams.....	57	20	47	3	
Miss Clara Taft.....	70	20	50	2	
Miss Alice Teel.....	75	20	55	1	

FRANK J. HOLLAND.

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His Lunch service is unsurpassed. Try
our Ice Cream Soda—none better.

WANTED.

Binders and Stitchers on Wool
Soles. Must understand running
machine and do good work. Also
pasters and finishers. Haskell's, 71
Claremont Av., Arlington Heights.

J. H. Crosby to Succeed Him-
self as Representative.

Arlington Man Accorded Unanimous
Renomination at Republican Con-
vention—"Unhampered by Entang-
ling Alliances, and Free to Act,"
After Three Years' Service.

J. Howell Crosby, of Arlington, was renominated Thursday evening by the thirteenth Middlesex representative convention as a candidate for the state legislature. The nomination was by acclamation, and as a nomination is almost equivalent to an election, it is to be expected that Mr. Crosby will serve his fourth term in the great and general court. The convention was attended by 23 out of 24 delegates elected, fourteen from Arlington and eight from Lexington.

The convention was held at the town hall building, Arlington, and was called to order by Arthur J. Wellington, chairman of the Arlington Republican committee, who, after reading the call, called for the election of a temporary chairman. This office fell to the lot of Warren W. Rawson, of Arlington, and George Cutter, of Lexington, was elected



J. HOWELL CROSBY.

secretary, Frank C. Allen and Fred W. Damon, of Lexington, were appointed a committee on credentials who reported 22 delegates present, although one was without his credential. Another man came in later. Upon motion of Mr. Bayley, the temporary organization was made permanent, and nominations of candidates for the legislature were called for.

Frank C. Allen, of Arlington, then addressed the chair and said: "The duty that has been assigned me here tonight conveys very great pleasure and personal satisfaction—pleasure in being able to present to this convention the name of a candidate so preeminently worthy, and satisfaction that the words I speak represent unalloyedly the sentiment of the nearest and most familiar with our candidate. We are living in an age of strenuous accomplishment, not in the passive enjoyment of the fruits of our toil. History is made rapidly these days, and from out the shifting scenes emerge new problems, new suggestions, new duties yet to be done."

These days of demoralization and inactivity in the camp of the opposing party furnish a crucial test of fitness for responsibility and uprightness of purpose to the great party of which we are members. Too often has it been the case that freedom from all doubts concerning the ultimate results has led to the bestowal of honors upon unworthy individuals who sought place from selfish motives only that personal ends might be gained. The responsibility for the performance of the duties of the nearest and most familiar with our candidate. We are living in an age of strenuous accomplishment, not in the passive enjoyment of the fruits of our toil. History is made rapidly these days, and from out the shifting scenes emerge new problems, new suggestions, new duties yet to be done."

The gentleman whose name it will be my privilege to present to this convention as its candidate is one who has never sought political preferment to gratify personal pride, in each case where honors have been bestowed, they have been modestly accepted, and the duties of office have been performed with a conscientious determination to see that which was right as it was given him to see the right and a total disregard how his action might affect his own political career. He has no personal interest in any move or move our representative has made; no man could, and preserve his individuality, always and at all times, exactly please us all, but I know there is no man here, no man in either of the towns that make the district, but believes our interests have at all times been jealously guarded by him to whom our interests were entrusted. Having given our allegiance and our support to such a man thrice already I am confident that so satisfactory his performance has been that the gentlemen of Lexington will join with us from Arlington, and once more send back our representative. Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, it gives me very great pleasure to nominate as our candidate for representative from the thirteenth Middlesex district, J. Howell Crosby, of Arlington.

The nomination of Mr. Crosby was seconded by Edwin A. Bayley of Lexington. He said: "In behalf of the Lexington delegates, it gives me great pleasure to nominate as our candidate Mr. Crosby, and it is fitting to speak briefly of his services as a law-maker. I have been personally acquainted with him as a legislator, and have always found him courteous, conscientious, painstaking and careful. He has filled the position of representative with credit to both the district and himself, and as father, and to whom I would like to offer her support for a renomination, Lexington is glad to show her appreciation of his record by making the nomination unanimous."

The nomination was then made by acclamation, and after a vote was passed that the chairman of the town committees of Arlington and Lexington should be empowered to fill vacancies should there be any. Frank Allen and George W. Wright were appointed to escort the candidate to the place of meeting. Mr. Crosby then appeared, and was warmly greeted, and after being introduced by the chairman, made a short though spirited address. In part he said: "I cannot imagine any position that is more difficult for a man than to face his fellow men whom he meets daily, who know his virtues if he has any, and who know his faults, and attempt to formally address them. I see before me men from Arlington to whom I would just as much think of making a speech as to my father, and to whom I would like to offer vice as soon as I would a member of my family. I desire, however, to thank you, gentlemen, for this unanimous nomination for representative from this district. This is a great office, great because it was handed down from the fathers of the country, great in itself

(Continued on Page Five.)

Belmont and Waverley

We are placing a box in the postoffice at Waverley and Belmont where subscriptions, advertisements and contributions for this paper may be left. We should request that all communications be signed so that we may know from whence they come. Letters for publication will receive due attention when signed. The name of the writer will be withheld upon request.

BELMONT.

Rev. Francis Tiffany, of Cambridge, occupied the pulpit at the Unitarian church, last Sunday morning, in the absence of Mr. Bygrave.

Edgar Davis has recently returned from his bicycle tour, which was an interesting and unique exploit for a Belmont boy. Mr. Davis started from home guided by no ideas of Indian fighting or any like schemes which enter the minds of many boys who undertake long rides at his time of life, but with the clear, honest determination of having a healthful and enjoyable vacation in a manner which he considered would be interesting, instructive and inexpensive. He had but a mere trifle of government coin in his kit, which in fact was also small, but by calls at farm houses en route, aided by his always genial and courteous manner, and with an expressed willingness to work and earn the meal and lodging he was asking, he met not only benefactors, but made and left firm friends. In a number of towns in the line of travel were summer residences of relatives and friends with whom a pleasant call was made. The route included the Berkshire Hills, Hoosac Tunnel, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and while we have been assured that a good time and full repayment of his most vivid anticipations, Mr. Davis' results of the trip, he has shown a rather reticent manner toward talking for public press, so that we are unable to gather with his sanction more of the interesting details of the excursion.

Last Sunday marked the beginning of the third year of the Plymouth Congregational church. The pastor referred to the anniversary and preached from the text, Phil. 4: 13: "Forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto the things which are before." In the evening he spoke to a good audience on the subject, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Mrs. Macurdy rendered the solo, "The Plains of Peace."

The Ladies' Aid met for the first time with Mrs. E. C. Whiting on Oak street Friday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock. All ladies are invited to join this organization.

The singing by the congregation at the Plymouth Congregational church has always been a feature of the service. It is to be still further improved by the addition of a chorus choir under the direction of Mr. Upham, of Waltham. He has had much experience in this kind of music and is thoroughly devoted to his work. All who would like to receive the benefit of skillful training are requested to meet him at the church each Sunday at 9.45 a.m.

The Waverley T. A. A. will play the Belmonts, Saturday, at 10 o'clock, in the Gaks, Waverley.

Frank Parks and family have moved from School street to Clifton street. Arthur McNaught occupying the School street house.

Several members from the Plymouth Congregational church attended the Suffolk Water conference at the Congregational church, Woburn, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

J. O. Wellington has rented his Pleasant street house.

Mrs. George Chenery, of Common street, an old and respected Belmont lady, died at her home suddenly, Thursday. Mrs. Chenery had been in rather poor health, but had recently returned from a trip of recuperation.

Stuart Foster, of Cambridge, a lad in his early teens, died Tuesday of diphtheria. Mr. Foster and wife, who will be remembered as recent Belmont residents, having lived but a short time ago on Concord avenue, have the sympathy of their many Belmont friends in this their hour of sadness.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

The following resolutions on the death of President McKinley were passed at the meeting of Belmont lodge, A. F. and A. M., last week:

Whereas, it has seemed best in the Providence of Almighty God to sorely afflict this nation and bring great calamity and sorrow upon it in the death of our beloved brother, William McKinley, president of the United States, it is Resolved, that in the death of Wm. McKinley, Belmont lodge and our sacred fraternity everywhere have experienced a great loss, that while we mourn deeply his untimely death, we rejoice in the heritage of his untarnished example, that our nation has been benefited by his life, and are sorely afflicted by his death, that in the life and character of our departed brother, we recognize the full exemplification of a true and lawful Mason, the good citizen, the wise and just man.

Resolved, that we, as free and accepted Masons, emulating the example of our departed brother, Wm. McKinley, and profiting by his wisdom and faithfulness, shall be stimulated to greater effort in the accomplishment of good government, brotherly love and righteous living that all enemies to our government and its sacred institutions shall find no resting place within our borders, and the hand of the assassin shall be forever stayed.

Resolved, that the widow of our deceased brother has our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in her great bereavement.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

W. L. CHENERY,

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TALKED AN HOUR.

A. E. Scott Argues, But the
Committee Is Sustained.

Lexington Votes \$57,500 for New High
School Building—Special Town Meeting
Draws Big Attendance—Four
Hours Before Question Was Settled
—Work Begins Soon.

Lexington is to have its new high school building. Such was the result of the special town meeting at the town hall, Wednesday evening, when for four hours the voters discussed the project as presented by the committee, and during which time the whole question seemed to hang in the balance. The report of the committee was subjected to harsh criticism, and during the early stages of the meeting it looked as though the whole scheme of building a high school was to fall to the ground. The chief opponent of the plan seemed to be Augustus E. Scott, who for 55 minutes discussed the report, and pointed out what to him seemed to be errors of judgment. While claiming to be friendly to the project, he seemed disposed to indefinitely postpone consideration of it, and encouraged a movement for building primary schoolhouses instead. The principal speakers for the high school plan were Edwin A. Bayley and Robert P. Clapp. Both these gentlemen being members of the committee, explained the report in detail and answered the criticisms of its opponents with telling effect. The meeting adjourned at 11.30 o'clock, after voting the appropriation of \$57,500. The money will be raised at the rate of \$10,000 a year for the first four years, and a sixth of the remaining sum will be distributed over the following six years.

The meeting was called to order by Town Clerk Harrington, who, after reading the warrant, asked for the election of a moderator. The result of the ballot was James H. Fritwell, 8, and E. Stone 14, and Stone was declared elected. This was greeted with considerable applause, and the moderator proceeded immediately to business. The committee's report was read in full by Robert P. Clapp, and Edward P. Merriam moved to accept the report as a report of progress, which was agreed to. Mr. Clapp then added to the report orally as follows: "We advise that the committee be authorized to put in the cellar and basement walls of the proposed structure at once, thus allowing the builders to commence on the brick work in the spring as soon as the weather permits." He believed the work could be completed before the latter part of August of next year.

Rev. Charles F. Carter then arose and moved the appropriation of \$5,000 for a high school building in accordance with the report of the committee which was outlined in the Enterprise a week ago. Mr. Carter believed the report to be a good one, and one which showed much thought and care on the part of the committee. He believed the members had taken in the whole situation, and was particularly well pleased that the two upper grades in the grammar schools were to be grouped with the high school grades. He believed the question was purely a financial one at present, that the schools were of a high order, and he believed in taking no backward step.

Augustus E. Scott then addressed the chair. He said he had heard he was opposed to the high school project, but he insisted that he was strongly in favor of a high school building. He wished, however, to make a few criticisms of the plans proposed. He wanted to see the high school kept distinct from the other schools, and did not wish to see it lose caste by mixing it with the other grades. He believed the better way at present to relieve the congested condition of the grammar schools was to erect two primary school houses and take the primary grades from the grammar school buildings, thereby allowing the high school to be kept as it is for a time, without danger of congestion. If we make care of the primary grades, he said, "the high school will take care of itself." He outlined a plan of what he would do had he the power, and said two primary school buildings at a cost of about \$40,000 would do the work. He congested condition more than any other thing. He criticized the committee for not suggesting this plan and said there was land enough to build schoolhouses on, and named several places where vacant lots suitable for the purpose. Mr. Scott told of conferences he had had with learned men respecting the proposed plans of the committee and all his reports were decidedly unfavorable. He took exceptions to the report of the committee that the move to bring the two upper grades in the grammar school to the high school was in line with progress as outlined by the state board of education. He said when this was done it was done for convenience and not because it was thought to be the best plan. The Arlington ninth grade is in the high school building, he said, as a temporary arrangement, and the mixing of grades had no real approval anywhere outside of the committee. The architects of the building then came in for their share of criticism. He said that judging from the report the corridors of the school building would be dark and damp, that the girls' toilet rooms were not well concealed, that there were no means of ventilating these rooms, nor were there windows there according to the plan submitted. The nearness of the closets to the school rooms was criticized, and he said one of the inspectors of the state board had said the plan was "horrible." The front of the building and the general appearance were also mentioned as being either poor in design or not up to the needs of the building. The woods, part of the building he thought would be an eyesore to the town in a year or two. After one statement made respecting the construction of the building, a voice was heard saying, "That is absolutely untrue." "Well," said Mr. Scott, "I may be mistaken as to the facts, but that is the way it appears in the cut."

E. P. Bliss, member of the school committee, said he thought the notion of mixing the eighth and ninth grades of the grammar school with the grades of the high school was dictated by prejudice or sentiment rather than judgment. He believed it would be a benefit to all. He said the primary school project was not to be considered, and that from all the criticism the committee had received for its work no word had been uttered

(Continued on Page Five.)

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BELMONT CO.

Belmont Centre.

THE ENTERPRISE.

Saturday, October 12, 1901.

A BIT OF RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

Speaker Myers is usually so quiet and unobtrusive in his way that it is possible some may have thought that he couldn't strike. Those who were at the meeting of the Twentieth Century club, last week, held no such opinion. A speaker had made insinuations regarding the integrity of President McKinley. When Mr. Myers got a chance at him he taught him a lesson that will not be soon forgotten. His indignation at the insult to the memory of the martyr president was intense, and his expression of it was most earnest and most felicitous. Speaker Myers never did a better piece of work, and it was done on the impulse of the occasion and without preparation, for no one could have anticipated such a speech as was made by the one who roused him.

A PUBLIC LOSS.

Few resignations from church pastorates cause so general a feeling of regret as has followed the announcement that Dr. Lorimer is to leave Boston. The Tremont Temple church is radically denominational, but it is more than that. It holds a place entirely different from that of most churches. It reaches the "masses," so much talked about, with a strong, stimulating and invigorating touch which is very helpful. It is a power for good in the community, and people of all denominations appreciate it. Dr. Lorimer is a man specially adapted to this work, as preacher and leader. If he can be retained in Boston by reducing the Temple debt, it would seem as if that should be done.

A HEARTY APPROVAL.

The desire for places in the executive council is so great that an unanimous re-nomination for a third term is exceptional. But it was accorded to Councilor Henry D. Yerxa, not as a result of wire-pulling, but as an expression of the sentiment of the people of his district. They appreciated his service, and have said so, emphatically. The honor of a third term is a conspicuous one, but the honor of having deserved it is greater—and Mr. Yerxa has both.

REWARDS OF MERIT.

The county convention was a very quiet affair, and entirely harmonious, as was expected. The present incumbents secured the approval of the delegates in a re-nomination, and in this the delegates represented their constituents, who have only praise for the way the work has been done. Mr. Bigelow will begin another three years' term next year—a pleasant endorsement.

An Alabama woman, whose husband was killed by eating bad oysters, has sued the accident company in which he was insured, to see if she can get \$5,000. We don't believe she will win. In the first place, death from eating bad oysters is no "accident"; it is a sure thing. And again, having made the oysters shell out, of course she can't put the company through the same process.

The re-nomination of Theodore C. Hurd as clerk of courts for Old Middlesex has become such a common thing that it attracts no notice. But it is worthy of a word, that he fills the place so well that nobody suggests a change. There is but one thing against him—that he moved away from Cambridge, where he acquired all the nice ways which make him so popular.

The president promises his assistance in behalf of the St. Louis exposition. No American understands better than he does the importance of the great event which it celebrates—the Louisiana purchase. His story of it in his "Winning of the West" is a thrilling one, written with the enthusiasm of the pioneers themselves.

Boston has been spared the calamity of an expressmen's strike, which would have injured the city commercially very seriously. Other men did much to avert it, but much credit is due to Mayor Hart, whose keen business sense and interest in the welfare of the city led him to do very helpful work.

And still the number of Harvard students increases. They are more numerous this year than ever before, though the standard is higher. The number of young men who take a college course is constantly increasing, and Harvard's deserved popularity secures it a good share of the increase.

The confirmation of an important Boston official was opposed, last week, on the ground that his uncle had something derogatory to the Irish voters. Has it come to this, that a candidate must be responsible for the views of all his relatives? Who can get an office, if such a rule is to prevail?

A New York physician wants \$5,000 in fees for prolonging a man's life a few months, in which the patient made a million dollars. But perhaps that added million only made him more miserable in the other world. If so, the doctor ought to pay damages for helping him get it.

Here's a new science—"pedology." Its endorses claim that character can be read from footprints as well as from lines in the palms of the hands. No doubt of it. When a man puts his foot in it we can always tell his character.

Our southern friends are claiming a share in President Roosevelt, because his mother was a southern woman. That's all right. He belongs to the whole country, and Georgia is a part of the country.

Seth Low has accepted all the nominations which have been offered him in New York, and is weeping for more conventions to conquer.

A MIXTURE OF PIE.

Editor Enterprise:—Being in a printing office one night, the thought came to me, "What a beautiful thing is pie." The

printer had just dropped a stick and the air was enlivened with salvos of dialect which was exceedingly picturesque. What's-his-name's blime was in it for a moment. My thoughts reverted to the pumpkin pie my beloved grandmother used to make, pies which used to possess a beautiful olive green complexion that I have never seen in any others, pies that both satisfied and satiated without leaving behind them regrets, as modern pies are wont to do. And, with the memory of those olive complexioned pies, those dreams of epicureanism never to be tasted again, I felt the sadness that comes to one with the thoughts of days by gone, days that shall never come again.

But then there came the suggestion of the goods provided for the present, and the never failing sequence of invention, the prodigality of brains spent upon what man shall eat, and drink, and wear. Horace Greeley once said that the man who worried about the fit of his trousers would never amount to anything, but Horace Greeley's day is far past. No doubt Horace was fond of pie, as man at the present time is fond of pie. And no doubt the chefs of his day bestirred themselves in the endeavor to secure exclusives, but after all, less attention was then paid to the material needs of man than to the good of his real, ultimate self.

The chief trouble with New England today is that the men and women who are its permanent inhabitants are too much occupied in the attempt to ape the rush and hurry and materialism of the new west. That the west is to be a factor in the increasing effect on the political and national life of the country, is an evident fact. But that the result of the introduction of its crudeness and materialistic tendencies into the body politic will be to the advantage of that body remains to be seen. Materialism is the chief element and the bane of our zeit-geist, and is responsible for the lack of originality in our literature past. No doubt Horace was fond of pie, as man at the present time is fond of pie. And no doubt the chefs of his day bestirred themselves in the endeavor to secure exclusives, but after all, less attention was then paid to the material needs of man than to the good of his real, ultimate self.

AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT ON THE GREAT MEADOWS.

The air is warm and clear beneath a scintillating dome of blue, all the cold of the nights seeming separated in the few filmy clouds of pure white. The water is a glare of sunlight over which ducks hover high in the air; while a robin sings from the chickadee and a flock of bluebirds brightens the brown field. The pale grass is flushed with knotweed. Low purple asters on sunny knolls or under the pines make the ground blue as with beads of horsehoe violets in the spring. The shallow stream is bronzed with masses of pickered-weed, while the shore gleams warmly in the golden grass. Its streaks of light fading into the cold shadow of the thickets. Out of this shadow, beyond, are green, undulating fields and a Lexington spire from among the trees. The sweetest breath of departing summer ripples among reeds emerald or withered. The brightness of the goldenrod is blurred into a dingy white fuzz. But startling the dull hues of rust and sleepy green, like a red banner of the advancing season, a branch of dogberry glows in the sun. Though Nature elsewhere may drowse in lingering dreams of summer, these leaves proclaim the time of the year.

On the sunny side of the stone-wall are fragrant clumps of sweetfern, everlasting and blossoming mint mingled with the red berries and purple leaves of the nightshade, ripened butterflyweed pods, brown spears of hardhack, decaying ferns and conspicuous blackberry leaves; while on the other, rest shadows blue as the rich purple of the asters. Wilson H. Fay.

FRICTION IS REDUCED.

George S. Heath, one of the skilled workmen in the shop of the Severy Process Co., of Arlington, has an invention which may take the place of the ball bearings on all kinds of machines which have been in such common use for several years. The article which he has patented is a roller bearing. Instead of its being a ball it is a disc or rather a set of discs of three or more, standing at an angle with both the axis and plane of revolution. The claim of superiority in this is that friction is reduced to a considerable degree, the only friction being on a loose pin in the center of each disc. There is no friction between the discs as there is between ball bearings. While Mr. Heath does not consider the invention of so great importance for fine bearings, when used upon heavy work down to ordinary bicycle bearings, he says the disc bearing is the most satisfactory one of all. He is still working upon it by trying to see if there are any defects before placing it upon the market, but he is satisfied the invention is now perfected, as much as it ever can be.

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E. R. Henderson, of 3 Sawin street, Arlington, is trap drummer in Martin's orchestra, of Somerville, and its representative in Arlington. He has booked a number of engagements for October and November, and says he expects a very busy season. The orchestra is well known throughout this section and is in much demand.

THE LETTER "I" DOES TO MOST PEOPLE.

Only one letter in a hundred means anything—Aitchison Globe. If you go too near a hive, Let her "B". If your wife asks for a "five," Let her "V". If she knows you've got a note, And she asks, "What has she wrote?" Let her "C".

Mr. Softleigh (out horseback riding): "Shall we take the bride path, Miss Antique?" Miss Antique: "Oh, this is so sudden." —Philadelphia Record.

ASK-YOU-LATE.
"Mary," said the girl's mother rather sternly, "what time did your young man

leave last night?"
"It must 'a' been exactly 1 o'clock, ma," volunteered her younger brother.
"How can you say such a thing?" exclaimed Mary indignantly.
"Well, ma," said the boy, "when he was leavin' he asked Mary some questions, and she said: 'Just one; only one!'" —Catholic Standard and Times.

Was he asking the time?—Boston Globe.
Just one kiss. Just one kiss. There are others, I know, but they're not my miss;
Just one kiss. Just one kiss. I'll be happy till next time with just one kiss.

Now that Sir Walter Besant is in heaven, the chances are good that he is surprised to find how many publishers are there.

As my old friend, Mike Curtis, used to say, in the Commercial Traveler, "How do you know?"

Oregon claims to have produced a cross between the strawberry and the raspberry, which reminds one of the old remark that doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did.—Boston Globe.

Dean Swift, was it not? Or was it Sydney Smith? Oregon will have to hustle to improve on God's original work.

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Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hillard, secretary; W. A. Felce, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.
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Bank building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. William G. Peck, president; H. Blasdale, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 3 to 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.
Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.
ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.
Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Hiram Lodge.
Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon.
Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter.
Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Bethel Lodge, No. 12.
Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.
Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152.
Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.
ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.
Circle Lodge, No. 77.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.
No. 109.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Menotomy Council, No. 1781.
Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 570 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.
UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.
Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
Francis Gould Post, No. 36.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.
SONS OF VETERANS.
Camp 45.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.
Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.
ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Division 23.
Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Court Pride of Arlington.
Meets in K. of C. hall, the first and third Mondays of each month.
MASSACHUSETTS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.
St. Malachi Court.
Meets at Hibernian hall first and third Thursdays.

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ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BRANCH.
Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m. Thursdays, 3 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m.

TOWN OFFICERS.
Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.
Town clerk and treasurer, office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.
Board of health, on call of chairman, Engineers department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.
School committee, third Tuesday evening, monthly.
Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.
Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.
Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.
(Unitarian.)
Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street, Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor. Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 26 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.
Cor. of Westminster and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.45 p.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Services in Union hall. Sunday school, 11 a.m.; Epworth league, 6.30; preaching, 7 p.m.; prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Rev. Walter Grant Smith, pastor.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.
Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; at 7.30, social service in vestry.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.
Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Harry F. Fisher, pastor. Gray street. Sunday services in the morning at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 6.30 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.
Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames, Sunday services at 10.30 a.m.; other services according to church calendar.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.
(Orthodox Congregational.)
Corner Park and Wollaston avenues, Arlington Heights. Rev. John G. Taylor, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at 12.15; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoon at 3.70, Junior C. E. meeting; Friday evening at 7.45, prayer meeting.
ST. AGNES, CATHOLIC.
Corner Medford and Chestnut streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. A. S. Malone, assistants. Reside at parsonage, 24 Medford street, next to church. Mass at 7 and 9 a.m.; high mass at 10.30; Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.; vespers at 5.30 p.m.
ARLINGTON LINE BIBLE SCHOOL.
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28—Mystic St., near Fairview Ave.
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36—On Town Hall—Police Station.
37—Russell St., cor. Russell Terrace.
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Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting, pastor. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening praise, 7; weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.
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Morning services at 8:30 and 10 o'clock; Sunday school, 3:30; vespers, 7:30.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.
(Episcopal), Belmont.
Sunday school, 10 a.m.; morning service, 11; Reginald H. Coe in charge of parish.

WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.
Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Religious union, first and third Sunday each month, 7 p.m. All invited.

WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.
Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall; Sunday school, 2:45 p.m.; preaching service, 7:45 p.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Waverley.
Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, pastor. Morning service, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, 6:15 p.m.; evening service, 7:15; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7:30.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Waverley Council, No. 313.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month.

INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.
Trapelo Lodge, No. 238.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, every Monday evening.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Belmont Lodge.
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RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Brides must on their wedding day Have for luck, the old folks say, Something old and something new, Something borrowed, something blue.

So when fair Marguerite was led Down the rose strewn aisle to wed, She had followed to the end The rule that luck should her attend.

Borrowed blushes on her face That the hue of love should grace; Bridal tresses very new, The groom was old and she was blue.

—Baltimore World.

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN

"Hello! Been crying again, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Palmer, suddenly ceasing his little whistle as he entered the room on returning from his office. What's the matter now, Nellie? Canary refused to sing or Mme. Vigini not put flowers enough in your bonnet?"

"Oh, Bob, how can you?" sobbed Nellie, beginning afresh.

"Look here, Ellen," said her husband, sitting down upon the lounge and speaking more seriously. "I don't like this at all. I never come home that your eyes are not red and swollen with crying. What have you to cry about, I should like to know? It's an insult to me to go sniveling about the house after this fashion and moping away in corners, looking sullen and miserable, as you did last night at Mrs. Macklin's. Why, people will think me a perfect domestic tyrant!"

"Ah, Bob, don't speak so! I can't help it indeed. I do feel so miserable. You make me so, Bob."

"If I well, that is rich! Perhaps you'll be good enough to let me know of what enormity I've been guilty that has turned you into a modern Niobe?"

"Nothing really wrong, dear; but, oh, if you knew how much a wife thinks of her husband's love and— Here poor Nellie broke down again. Mr. Palmer's eyes opened very wide.

"When?" he whistled he. "If this isn't really absurd! So she's jealous?"

"Indeed, no, dear Bob! But—but—she could hardly speak for the choking in her throat—"you can't understand the pride a woman takes in having her husband treat her with affection and respect before every one, or how it humbles or mortifies her to be neglected by him and have other women consider themselves rivals, like Isabel Baden."

Mr. Bob Palmer laughed outright, and then he grew angry.

"You're an absurd little fool, Nellie," he said. "As if Isabel Baden were anything to me beyond a pleasant and agreeable young woman to amuse oneself with at a party. Nonsense!"

"She doesn't think so," said Nellie, "and—and the others don't think so. They all think you are getting tired of your wife, and Isabel flatters herself that she has cut me out and is trying to let people see it."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Bob, rising impatiently from the lounge. "I'm astonished at you, Nellie, and had really given you credit for more sense and as temper."

He added severely, "I wish you'd amuse yourself in society, as I do, instead of going moping about in this fashion. You can't expect to have me tied to your apron strings, and I'd much rather see you flirting a little yourself than skulking away in holes and corners like a spider, watching your butterfly of a husband, to see if you can detect him in doing wrong. You make me quite ashamed of you, I declare."

Mr. Palmer took his hat and walked out of the room with an air of mingled dignity and injured innocence. His wife sat up, wiped away her tears and mused while with eyes flashing and cheeks flushed with wounded and indignant feeling.

"Yes," she said to herself, "since he has requested it, I will amuse myself as he does and see how he likes it. Ashamed of me, is he? And he did not used to be so when I was gay and happy. Oh, Bob, if you only knew how I loved you!"

And once more, despite her resolutely closing her eyes and pressing her fingers upon them, the tears would come.

There was to be that very evening a party at Colonel Johnson's, and Nellie took particular pains in dressing herself for it. She had been of late rather careless on this point and was now rewarded for her extra care by her husband's glance of approval and his remark that that pink silk was becoming to her. In consequence her eyes and cheeks were brighter and her spirits more buoyant as she entered Mrs. Johnson's crowded drawing room.

Scarcely had they paid their respects to the hostess when Mr. Palmer accosted, or, rather, was accosted, by Miss Baden, a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to ensnare him before his marriage, and at the same moment a gentleman addressed Mrs. Palmer. She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention entirely from her husband and his companion until, seeing something in Miss Baden's glance at herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke, and she turned as with sudden determination to the gentleman at her side. He was a recent comer to the town, very pleasant and handsome, and Nellie Palmer forthwith began to try and make herself agreeable to him. He looked so pleased and was himself so agreeable that it soon cost her no effort to converse, and then her old lively spirits returned, and, to her surprise, she found that she was enjoying herself. Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Baden did, and her flirtation with Mr. Palmer lost much of its charm now that his wife did not appear mortified and jealous and that people couldn't see that she was so.

Wherefore Miss Baden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer bethought himself to look after his wife. Not finding her looking over the photograph albums nor talking to deaf old Mr. Brown, nor in any of the "holes and corners" which she was wont of late to frequent, he became rather puzzled.

At that instant a little laugh at his elbow startled him, and, turning, he saw Nellie, bright and gushed, talking to a very handsome man, who appeared to be quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer stared a moment at the unconscious couple.

"Why, the deuce!" was his thought. "What on earth can they have been talking about all this while?" Then suddenly, meeting his wife's eye, he smiled and whispered, "Enjoying yourself, Nell?"

"Oh, yes, dear, delightfully! Don't trouble yourself about me, pray."

Nellie Palmer had never sung more

sweetly or danced more gracefully than upon this evening.

"Don't you think, Nell, you've danced enough for one night?" said her husband toward the close of the evening. "For a married woman?" he added.

"Perhaps so," she answered cheerfully. "But I've enjoyed myself so much! Really, I almost forget that I was a married woman and felt like a girl again."

"And behaved like one," he said, rather coolly. "Who is that fellow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening?" he inquired as they walked down stairs.

"That remarkably handsome man with the expressive dark eyes, do you mean?"

"I never noticed his eyes or that he was at all handsome," he answered stiffly.

"Oh, I thought you meant Captain Lovell of the artillery. Ah, here he is—just one moment, dear—I quite forgot!"

And Nellie spoke a few words to the captain in passing, of which her husband could distinguish only something about "that book."

When Robert Palmer came home next day he found his wife not crying as before in her bedroom, but in the parlor practicing a new song.

"Captain Lovell called this morning," she said, "and I have promised to sing this for him at Mrs. Campbell's."

"Ah!" he answered with an expression of indifference, and as his wife struck up with the first few notes he muttered to himself, "Confound Captain Lovell!"

At Mrs. Campbell's Captain Lovell was again in attendance upon pretty Mrs. Palmer, and then other gentlemen discovered her attractions, her piquancy and coquettishness and flirtableness, and so, in a very few weeks, Mrs. Palmer was a belle. She did not seem in the least to care who her husband was attending upon, and indeed he could rarely get a word with her at all when at the gay assemblies which they constantly frequented. He sometimes gave her a hint that she was "no longer a girl" and that he was her husband, but she only laughed and said there was no harm done and that she was enjoying herself so delightfully and felt herself more a belle than even when a girl—which was true, because she had not flirted then, being absorbed, heart and soul, in Bob Palmer. But now it was Captain Lovell who appeared chiefly to occupy her thoughts as well as a good part of her time. She sang and danced with him; she read the books he sent, and so frequent were his visits, so constant his attentions, that at last Mr. Robert Palmer's wrath burst forth.

"Ellen," he said, as he one day closed the door on the departing captain, "I really cannot permit this to go on any longer. Your conduct to me is most unexpected, most astounding. You are by far too intimate with this fellow Lovell. He is constantly in my house, and last evening he scarcely left your side, while you stood for two hours the center of a group of chattering, grinning popinjays, like himself."

"Why, Bob, you yourself blamed me for playing wallflower and 'spider' and said you were ashamed of me."

"I am much more ashamed of you now," he retorted severely.

"Now, dear, that is quite unreasonable of you. Didn't you tell me that I would please you by enjoying myself and flirting a little? You know you did," added Nellie reproachfully, "and now that I am obeying you you get jealous."

"Jealous? Not I! But I am offended and insulted—yes, and disgusted as well. If only you could hear the remarks about yourself and that Lovell!"

"Similar to those that I heard in regard to you and Miss Baden, I presume?" said his wife.

"What is Miss Baden to me?" he demanded angrily.

"And what is Captain Lovell to me?" "You encourage him, madam. You flirt with him."

"As you do with Isabel Baden."

"A man may do what is not permissible in a woman."

"Ah, that is it!" said Nellie, with her old sigh. "You men may neglect a wife, may wear out her heart and life with anguish, may expose her to the pity or ridicule of all her acquaintances by showing devotion to another, and she, poor slave, must not presume to turn, as may even the trampled worm, but must bear all in meek silence, never even imploring mercy, lest she offend her lord. But I have had enough of this, Bob, and now as you do to me will I do to you. If you go on flirting, so will I. I know you don't care a bit more for Isabel Baden than I do for Captain Lovell, but I will not be neglected and humbled in the sight of the whole world. I am not a slave, but a wife, and demand the honor due to me!"

Her mood was a new one to her husband. She sat erect and proud, looking him steadily in the face with bright, clear eyes in whose depths he could still read great tenderness, and he at once comprehended the whole matter. He looked at her a moment as steadily as she at him, and then he rose and took a seat by her side.

"And you really care nothing for this Lovell, Nellie?"

"No more than I ought to do for my cousin Laura's affianced husband," she replied.

"Affianced?"

"These six months; before I met him; and I would have told you of it, but—"

She stopped and looked half archly in his face. He understood her and, taking her in his arms, kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Bob, how could you ever have doubted me?"

"I will do so no more, love!"

"Never flirt any more?"

"Never!"

Scaring the Conscience.
Of all her curious customs London cannot boast of a more singular one than that formerly so strictly adhered to at Holland House, one of the most historic old mansions in the British capital. The last of the Lords Holland shot himself during a fit of despondency; everything pointed to a clear case of self murder, yet the Holland family could never be dissuaded from the notion that the old man had been murdered by some unknown assassin. Accordingly every night for years it was the custom for one of the family to go to the rear of the house punctually at 11 o'clock and fire a gun for the purpose, it is said, of "scaring the conscience" of the murderer. This curious practice is a relic of medieval days in continental Europe, and the case to point is probably the only instance where it has been noticed since the days of the crusades.

Not Informed.
Dennis—Did you get my letter?
Patrick—Faith, Oi did not! Phay did you not write me that you had writ it?
Ohio State Journal.

SPILLING THE SALT.

THE ORIGIN OF AN OLD AND VERY COMMON SUPERSTITION.

Some of the Ancient Signs and Omens That Still Hold Sway Over Mankind—Breaking a Looking Glass and the Crossing of Knives.

There is a "wherefore" for all things, even for those "signs, omens, superstitions," which some men call frivolous and foolish. Some men object to walking under a ladder. Well, is there not the danger of the ladder falling on you or of the man at work on it dropping his paint pot or his soapstone on you? It is regarded as a sign of bad luck to cross knives at table. This superstition came about in this wise. The original knife was nothing else but a dagger which men wore in their belts, ready for carving the mutton or their acquaintances. The crossing of blades meant a fight, and it is no wonder that women found crossed knives a sign suggestive of misfortune.

Spilling the salt once meant the worst of bad luck, and today there are many people who throw a pinch over their left shoulder "to break the charm" if they happen to tip over the saltcellar. Salt was until recently an expensive article and a dear necessity. So important was it that the finding of salt wells in Cheshire, England, first brought the merchants of Europe into savage Britain and led to the civilization of the island. The very phrase "worth his salt" means worth his salary, and the word salary itself means "salt money."

Because it was so important ancient usage placed the saltbox in the middle of the table so that it might be within reach of all. The "gentles" sat above the salt and the "simples" below it. In the regalia in the Tower of London the saltcellar is one of the most gorgeous pieces, being built like a castle of silver and heavily gilded. Such being the importance of the saltbox the upsetting of it was something more than an accident. It was an event, and, being bad luck in itself, soon came to be regarded as a sign of bad luck.

Some trace the beginning of the superstition to the picture of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, in which painting the saltcellar is represented as overturned. But the superstition is older than the picture, and it was undoubtedly because of the superstition that Leonardo depicted the salt in his celebrated painting.

To break a looking glass is regarded in some households as a sure sign of death in the family. The superstition regarding the looking glass came about in this way. Before there were any porcelains there were plenty of old women, poor and friendless and long past the age when they could make their living by manual labor. But they knew the world and the credulity and the passions of mankind. They also knew the herbs of the field and the garden which were possessed of medicinal virtues, and so between their knowledge of medicine and their knowledge of the human heart they managed to make a living by selling simple remedies for the body and dealing out advice, prophecies and spells for the mind.

"If you have a proud foe to make tracks, if you melt a rich uncle in wax, or if you had the stomach ache, all you had to do was to call in one of these 'wise women,' as they were termed. Sometimes the 'wise woman' got too wise and was drowned or burned as a witch. Hers was a perilous business, but the only one by which the poor old hag could make a living. If you wanted to get rid of an enemy in those days, you called in the local practitioner of witchcraft and told her your symptoms. Then she made a little image of wax or a rag doll, which was named from the person whom you desired to 'get off the earth.' Set the image by the fire, and as it melted away so would your enemy or your rich uncle pine away and die. Stick pins in the rag doll, and the objectionable one would suffer the pains of 'pins and needles.' Smash the doll to pieces, and the hated or superfluous one would meet with a violent and sudden death."

Another school of witchcraft held that a surer way to smash an enemy was to break a looking glass into which the hated one had just gazed. It must be done before his image had vanished from the surface of the glass and with proper incantations, but was held to be more effectual than wax dolls and rag babies. Hence the superstition regarding the breaking of a looking glass.

Why does a horseshoe bring good luck? One explanation of the use of this prosaic piece of ironmongery as a talisman is that the Russian peasants used to paint that the Russian peasants used to paint the outside their doors a picture of the Blessed Virgin. The halo around the head shined gilded. The rains and snows washed off the paint eventually, but the gilding remained in the shape of a horseshoe, and the peasants regarded it with the same reverence as they had the whole picture. From Russia the travelers brought stories of the peasants having horseshoes at their doors as a protection against evil fortune, and so the superstition of the horseshoe spread over the world.

The other explanation, and probably the true one, is that the symbol is of a far more ancient origin. The Greeks and the Romans who pinned their faith to the goddess Diana used to wear as a symbol of their loyalty to the divine huntress her symbol of the crescent moon. As the ages rolled the crescent became a horseshoe. One is at liberty to accept either of these explanations or to reject both of them, but whatever the origin of the belief, the horseshoe as a portent of good luck, whether it be the symbol of the heathen goddess Diana or of the Christian Virgin, there are hundreds of thousands of people throughout the world who would "never take the horseshoe from the door."

Among the Italians a horseshoe is supposed to be a protection against the evil eye, and when they feel in need of such an amulet and have not a horseshoe handy they point out with the little finger and the first finger, tucking away the second and third fingers under the thumb and thus making a passable sort of horseshoe of the hand. They always do this in the rural districts of Italy when they meet an Englishman, a man with a snapshot camera or anything else doubtful.

A Good Filler.
Towne—Blowitz is certainly a better campaign orator than Wyndham is.
Brown—I don't see much choice. There's nothing new or interesting in what either of them ever has to say.
Towne—I know, but Blowitz takes longer to say it.—Philadelphia Press.

IMPOSING ON EDITORS.

Curious Instances of Failure of the Editorial Memory.

Among magazine editors that particular kind of a memory which recognizes instantly any literary thing which it has seen before is developed to the limit of its capacity. Very rarely can a story be republished, even in a slightly garbled form or after an interval of many years and not be recognized and spotted by some outside editor, even if it has slipped past the censorship of the staff. The method usually followed by people who attempt to pass off old stories as original is to copy some practically unknown story by a famous author, leave out a little, add a little, and yet save enough that is good to make their version stand out from the ordinary run of the manuscripts which are declined every day by the magazine editors.

Some years ago one of the larger monthlies published a poem by a well known poet who died more than a century ago. As printed, it had been sent in by an unknown contributor from the west. This poem so struck the editor that he printed it, surrounded with a series of drawings by one of his best and most expensive illustrators. When he was informed by his friends of the true origin of the poem, he made a resolution to accept no contribution from authors of whom he had no personal knowledge, and for a year or two strictly maintained that policy. A somewhat similar case occurred recently when a paper in this state published a poem by Keats and duly printed the poet's name beneath the title. A number of western papers reprinted the poem, giving credit to John Keats in the margin.

The use of extracts from magazines in newspapers and other magazines is not objected to by most of the large publishing houses, provided that the extracts are short ones and that a regular credit and copyright notice is printed either at the top or bottom of the article. In spite of this generally understood permission so many cases occur when material is used and no credit given that a regular printed form is kept on hand in most of the large establishments to be sent out in such cases as come under their direct notice, cases which mount up in the course of a year to a large number. A warning is usually enough to make the offending editor publish a note acknowledging his omission in the next issue of his paper, and it is very rare that these slight offenses have to be followed up any further.—New York Post.

POULTRY RAISING.

As a rule few old hens lay late in the fall or early winter.

Indigestion is very often taken for cholera among fowls.

There is no better absorbent for the poultry house than plaster.

The hen lays only when she is capable of supplying the materials for forming an egg.

All arrangements for ventilation should be made so that if necessary the house can be closed in cold or stormy weather.

A hen that is long and boat shaped and also fairly deep is likely to show staying qualities. She should also have a deep chest.

If an abundance of good sharp grit is kept constantly within reach of the fowls, many diseases from indigestion will be avoided.

It is not the large hen that always lays large eggs. Some of the breeds that lay large eggs are small, as the Spanish and Minorca.

Scalded sweet milk and cooked rice will stop diarrhea in fowls, but don't feed sloppy food while the fowls are in this condition.

The usual causes of roup are cold, dampness and exposure. Although apparently contagious, the outbreak and spreading of the disease are due primarily to the surroundings.

In nearly all cases turkeys to bring good prices should be shut up ten days or two weeks and be given all that they will eat of a good fattening ration. Cornmeal and sweet potatoes boiled together fatten very rapidly.

The Absentminded Don.

One of the finest instances of absence of mind on record is that furnished by a certain Oxford don, whose "scholarly abstraction" frequently landed him in difficulties.

Dining out one night he suddenly became immersed in thought, and for a time sat gazing at his plate, evidently deeply engrossed in some mighty problem.

Now it happened that his left hand neighbor, a portly dame, had a habit of resting her hands on the table, palm down and fingers closed.

Suddenly the professor awoke from his brown study, seized his fork, plunged it into the plump paw reposing to the left of his plate and, beaming genially through his glasses, remarked, "My bread, I think!"—Tit-Bits.

Partial Punishment.

The man who had rocked the boat and turned it bottom upward was clinging desperately to its slippery keel.

Half an hour passed away.

"I can't hold on any longer!" he gasped.

"Then suppose you let yourself down and wade out," suggested the other man, who had been standing on the ground all the time and apparently struggling to keep his head above water. "It's only four and a half feet deep here, I am sorry to say."—Chicago Tribune.

The Wasp.

It is said that the male wasp does not sting. But as the male and female wasps wear the same kind of polonaise and look as much alike as twins the only way to distinguish their sex is to catch one. If it stings, it is a female; if not, it is a gentleman wasp.

Two Likes.

"I like your nerve!" gasped the beautiful girl, struggling against the inevitable.

"And I like you cheek!" chuckled the young man as he continued the osculatory exercise.—Philadelphia Record.

And Be Read Too.

Prospective Editor—I am going to call my new paper The Blood.

Other Fellow—Why?

Prospective Editor—So it will start off with a good circulation.—Baltimore American.

Being asked one day what one should do in order to become an efficient piano player List replied laconically, "One must eat well and walk much."—Ladies' Home Journal.

QUEER HABITS OF THE MARTEN.

He Has a Ravenous Appetite For Honey and His Own Young.

"The Hudson bay marten, the little fur bearer whose skin is ever popular and at times exceedingly valuable, is still plentiful in that region of fur bearers," said W. B. Salmon, one time a trapper for the Hudson Bay company, "but I believe it would have been virtually extinct there long ago if it were not for a habit it has of making periodical disappearances, for the mystery of which I never heard any satisfactory explanation."

"These disappearances occur every ten years. Where the animals go to no one knows. No dead ones are ever found, and no one has yet discovered any evidence of their migration to any other region. A few martens, of course, remain on their old feeding grounds, but during the season of the disappearance of their fellows none of them will touch the bait in a trap, and consequently none is caught. The next year the martens are back again in their old haunts as numerous as ever and for ten years more submit to being caught."

"The Hudson bay martens seem to be the only ones of the species that have this strange habit. The Lake Superior martens don't waste any of their time in disappearing voluntarily, but are found at the old stand year in and year out, housing themselves in hollow trees in the deepest woods and making life a perpetual burden to birds, squirrels, rabbits and other small game on which they prey."

"The Lake Superior marten has one predilection of the palate, in which he resembles the bear. That is a passion for honey. He will line a wild bee to its home with the precision of the most expert bee hunter, and the hidden sweets of that inaccessible place if the marten

THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.
Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, October 12, 1901.

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CORRECTION.

The late Rev. Joshua Dodge, of Moultonborough, of whom we wrote in the last issue of the Enterprise, is an uncle of our townsman, Mr. Joshua G. Dodge, Russell street, and not the grandfather, as we had it last week.

HURRAH FOR THE COLUMBIA.

The cup is still ours by dint of merit. The Shamrock was beaten with her own breeze favoring her. The truth is, it is exceedingly difficult to beat "Young America" at any game on the list. England has had a set-to with her in more ways than one, and always has she come out second best. Young America is way to the front, and there she will remain. Now for your "three cheers and a tiger."

WE DIDN'T SAY IT.

We didn't say in our letter to the Enterprise last week that "Webster was singularly great whether in the college, or in that broader and more extended public life WHICH BE SO GRAND." What we did say was this: "Webster was singularly great whether in the college, or in that broader and more extended public life WHICH HE SO GRACED." O, how we shall go for that proof-reader when we get to the Enterprise office!

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Dr. John P. Dennett, of whom the Enterprise wrote in its last issue, proves himself a benefactor to all the children in Arlington in that he has taken down his barbed wire fence and put a smooth wire fence in its place. Now let others follow Dr. Dennett's example forthwith, and so have Arlington both a safe home and a safe playground for the children. We write of this cruel barbed wire fence frequently and earnestly because it stands out as a constant threat to the boys and girls.

We extend to Dr. John P. Dennett, on behalf of the children, the right hand of fellowship.

"THE SNOW, THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Yes, on Sunday, the 6th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1901, we sang of "the snow, the beautiful snow," for we awoke to find the ground here at the foot of Black Mountain covered with this emblem of all that is clean and pure—so it was that we sang of Black Mountain:

"He is the monarch of mountains.
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Well, we lost no time on Sunday morning in having our first game at snowball for the season, with the children. How we did pile high the big, open fire-place at Kinderheim, with logs of commendable size! What solid comfort there is in watching the blaze go through the generous-throated chimney, when winter is getting its grip on the outside world! Just think what a privilege is ours! While you Arlingtonians are enjoying the milder days of the autumn time, we among the mountains are getting our first instalment of the winter

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time. And then you ought to have seen, though it was Sunday, the number of hunters who were out bright and early to track the deer through the newly-fallen snow. Could you, dear reader of the Enterprise, just get a full breath of this life-giving ozone, all manufactured here at headquarters, you would be able "to run and not be weary and to walk and not faint." We are, however, to get some warm days yet here in this north country, before the winter shall hold full sway. The early snow of Sunday is only a kind of prophecy of what is to come. Its cry is, "Get your house in order," for the ice-king is soon to make permanent arrangements for his coming. We are seriously thinking of writing a book entitled "Our Summer Stay at Kinderheim during the Season of 1901." We are wondering if its sale would warrant the publication of a second edition.

"AT THE FEET OF GAMALIEL."

Paul learned his lesson at the feet of Gamaliel, and so he came immediately under the influence and individual life of the great philosopher. This fact gives us the leading thought of this editorial. That education is incomplete into which the intense life of the instructor does not enter. That pupil is cheated out of much that should be his as a student, who becomes a member of a class so large in numbers that instruction must be dishd out to its members on the wholesale plan. The lecture system in school work can never take the place of personal instruction, and so the university plan of doing things must, in our estimation, be far less effective than that done in our smaller colleges. There must be a man behind every text book, and immediately before every student. Teacher and pupil must be so near to each other that the one may lay his hand upon the other. They must breathe upon each other, that they may catch each other's innermost life. The apostle Paul unquestionably knew his teacher, and his teacher as unquestionably knew him. Paul's instruction came directly from the lips of Gamaliel. We don't believe that a text book ever came between them at the recitation hour.

We regard it as a misfortune that so many of our colleges are so rapidly increasing in numbers. It is a matter of regret, as we view it, that our public schools show so large a registry. What the hour demands is individual instruction. The personal impress of the life of the teacher upon that of the pupil is the chief factor that should enter into one's education. It is related of Gamaliel that Onkelus, the Chaldean translator of the old testament, spent seventy pounds of incense at his grave in his memory, and all this, be it remembered, because Gamaliel poured his own life into that of others. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel should be reproduced in pictured form, and then find a place in every school and college in the land, for the benefit of those teachers who are attempting to educate our boys and girls en masse. What we need and must have in all education worthy the name is an interchange of the individual personal life. Christ taught by having his disciples close about him. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel represents what should be the normal life of every educational institution.

A HOPEFUL SIGN.

It is a hopeful sign when the two great political parties vie with each other in attempting the best for both the state and the country at large. Under a government like ours, there is always needed a powerful and threatening minority. Any one party, in the very nature of things, long bearing rule will become arrogant and corrupt. We need competition in the political world as well as elsewhere. There is any amount of moral suasion in the man who stands with a club over your head. The most of us will do right when we are so compelled to do. We all become "as meek as Moses" when some one larger than we takes the starch out of us. We all need and must have a corrective, that we may do what is fair and honest in the sight of all men. And nowhere in all the world is this corrective demanded more than in the political world. So it is extremely fortunate that we have two great political parties when each in turn becomes the dominant party. The late Democratic state convention in Massachusetts affords a striking illustration of the thought we have in mind. The proceedings of that convention were characterized with singular unanimity, while it was represented by the foremost ability of the state. Its platform as a whole is right abreast with the most advanced theories of a republican form of government. The convention took a most sensible view of our slatted caucuses in estimating them as shams and fakes, its recommendation to nominate our candidates for official position by the Australian ballot is a wise one, for in such instance there would be a fair expression of choice in the nominating convention. And then, the Democratic party in Massachusetts as voiced by its assembled delegates in convention is altogether right in its demand that our United States senators shall be chosen by the people. The party shows itself wise in asking for a state convention for the purpose of amending the state constitution. The party has made clean and reputable nominations for the general state offices. The Democratic nominee for gubernatorial honors is a man of pronounced convictions and of proved ability. All this we are glad to say, for it shows that both parties alike have for their immediate object the good of the old Bay State. The world is surely growing better. Men and women are coming to more fully recognize their relationship. We are beginning to recognize the fact that all the more is accomplished by striving for the best. The two great political parties understand that to win they must not only promise well, but they must do well. It is a fortunate happening that each party is trying to outdo the other in clean and statesmanlike politics.

WANTED: A PLAYGROUND.

Editor Enterprise: It is an interesting sight to see the children flock out of the Locke school during recess—really swarm out. But the street only opens its arms to welcome them. There is no playground except in the street or on private property. This ought not to be. If it could not be helped we might quietly put up with it. But the land in the rear of the schoolhouse can be purchased at a reasonable price, and it should be secured at once as a playground. Half an acre at least should be bought. The town cannot afford to lose this opportunity. Why do not our school committee push the matter upon the attention of the town, and have something done? We cannot be too poor to furnish the children a playground! Parent.

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WILL WALK NEXT TIME.

Artist, Doctor, Merchant and Auto

Man Go From Arlington to Concord

—Are Obligated to Run to Boston and

Take Last Train at Last Minute.

An Arlington artist, a doctor, a merchant and an automobile man went to Concord, Saturday, and spent Sunday in camp on the Concord river. It might be more proper to state that they started for Concord Saturday, for they did not arrive at their destination until the wee small hours Sunday morning. The story of their trip was intended to be a secret, but it was too much of a good thing to keep entirely quiet, so the facts leaked out here and there. The quartet are now considered heroes for braving the dangers and overcoming all obstacles which stood in their pathway, and finally reaching their camping place, tired, hungry, but very much alive. The entire British army never had the trouble in reaching Concord as did the Arlington gentlemen, even though in the morning the steam cars were running and electricians not dreamed of. In fact, had the quartet followed the example of the British and walked to Concord, they might have arrived in less time and better spirits.

It appears that the four men had planned for some time making the trip, and arrangements for their arrival were all made at the Concord camp. The doctor and the merchant were planning to go on a late train while the other two planned to go earlier. A Boston man who was to join the party planned to leave Boston on the 7.24 train, and he wanted the quartet to join him at that time. The artist was the only man who thought he would be able to go so early and figured on joining his friend at Porter's station at Cambridge. He proceeded to Cambridge by electric and asked the station agent to flag the train. The official was taken wholly by surprise and stared at the artist in amazement, then broke into roars of laughter. After he could speak without being into paroxysms, he informed the artist that the train was a Pullman and did not stop on signal, but if the stranger wished to see it go by, he might wait within a few minutes. The artist inquired when the next train went to Concord, and was told that they left Boston at 9.30 and 11.30. With this valuable information, the artist went back to Arlington and decided to impart his knowledge to the others. He found the auto man with a doctor and a merchant to ride down to Cambridge in the vehicle and leaving it there, take the 9.30 train. On their way, one of the tires of the auto went into the ditch, and the driver was obliged to return to Arlington with the wreck and then board a car for Cambridge in order to catch the train. They arrived just in time to see the train a hundred yards on its way to Concord. This gave them but one remaining chance to get there that night, and they then leaped that the train did not stop at Porter's station, but was an express from Boston. The artist and the auto man began to telephone to the doctor and the merchant to inform them they must go into Boston to take the train, but were unable to connect with them. After wasting several minutes in trying to telephone, the pair decided that the doctor and the merchant must shift for themselves, and resolved to take the next electric for Bowdoin square and leave the others to go to Porter's station later on and watch the last train go by. But fate was too kind to allow any plan to succeed, for when they boarded the train for Bowdoin square, the doctor and the merchant were on it and were planning to get off at Porter's station. They were quickly told what had and what had not happened, and then informed that the car would land them in Bowdoin square just in time to reach North Union station and catch the much delayed train. Again fate interfered. While riding through Cambridge an alarm of fire sounded and presently the car stopped, as there were several lines of hose laid across the track, and the water on to a fire. The quartet consulted their watches and figured they had a bare chance to get into North Union station if they could hail a cab. Fate had decreed that no cab should be in sight, and they plodded on at a 2.40 pace determined to reach the station or die in the attempt. It was then past the hour of eleven, and a number of drunks were wending their way over the bridge at East Cambridge, but the quartet ran through the crowd, nearly causing several riots by elbowing the ugly drunks to one side. Had anyone yelled "thief," the whole crowd would have been run into the lockup and then given opportunity to explain their haste. But nothing of this nature transpired, and the men ran on, carrying bundles, overcoats and wearing like wild beasts, sweating and sweating like a fat man with the mercury at 100. The time was drawing near when the train was due to leave the station, and each man ran with his eyes in his hand, keeping one eye on the time-piece and the other on straight ahead. The station was reached and the last man was safely on his last leg on the last car when the last train started. They were safe.

Concord was reached, but no team could be hired to take them to the camp, so, after a tramp of three miles through woods which were so thick as to hide even the stars if there were any, the four weary would-be campers reached the Concord river. They piled into a boat, and with the water up to within an inch of the edge, they rowed half a mile and their journey was at an end. The time during the early hours of the peaceful Sabbath, a crowd of jolly though tired men might have been seen eating hard tack by lantern light and enjoying it as though turkey had never been in their catalogue or as if they had never known the comforts of corn-beef and cabbage. Their adventures, however, were at an end, and the remainder of the trip was uneventful.

CHANGE OF POLICY.

Circle Lodge, A. O. U. W., Receives

News of Classified Assessment Plan.

At a regular meeting of Circle Lodge, A. O. U. W., last week Friday, W. L. D. Anderson, delegate to the grand lodge, made a report of the special meeting held in Boston, Oct. 2. This report is of interest to members and also to those who think of insuring in fraternal benefit associations.

The special session of the grand lodge was called particularly to consider a change in the plan of assessment from the level rate to the classified plan required by the supreme lodge. The classified plan was adopted by the grand lodge at the annual session in February, come operative, as it required a three-fourths vote.

Both the advocates and opponents have held frequent meetings the past few months, and the membership was so thoroughly informed upon the subject that, after a short debate, the previous question was ordered, and the vote resulted:

Whole number of votes cast..... 672

Necessary to adoption..... 504

Vote for adoption..... 156

Opposed to adoption..... 516

More than 30 representatives an-

nounced that, but for contrary instruc-

tions from their lodges, they would have

voted for the change. The legislation

necessary to put the classified plan into

effect was adopted.

The new rates are arranged on what

is known as the "five-year step rate."

The full rate assessments with the con-

tribution to the guaranty fund is as

follows: Ages 21 to 24, \$1.30; 25 to 29,

\$1.40; 30 to 34, \$1.50; 35 to 39, \$1.60; 40

to 44, \$1.70; 45 to 49, \$1.80; and over \$1.90.

The matter that came up for settle-

ment was the division of the grand

lodge funds with the new grand lodges

of Maine and Rhode Island. The funds

amounted to \$25,000 in accordance with

the recommendation of the executive

committee. It was voted that one-half

be set aside as belonging of right to the

grand lodge of Massachusetts, and the

balance be divided between the grand

lodge of Maine, Massachusetts and

Rhode Island on a pro rata basis of

membership.

Harry W. Bullard, Academy street, re-

turned from his summer home at White-

face on Wednesday, after a visit of a

few days at Kinderheim.

Walter I. Fuller,

Electric Work of Every Description.
Lights, Bells, Gas Lighting, Burglar Alarms,
etc. Repairing Promptly Attended To.

Electrician,

Office, Wetherbee Bros., 480 Mass. Ave., Arlington.
Residence, East Lexington.

IF YOU HAVE AN IDEA

of changing your residence, let me show you houses in

WINCHESTER.

GEO. ADAMS WOODS,

Winchester Office, Blake Bldg. 50 State St., Boston.
Over P. O. Tel. 123-7 Winchester. Tel. 1532 Main.

WELL FAVORED CATTLE

the kind that are well fed and nourished, are the kind that we select for our butchering. They are always in the best health, and this meat is the tenderest and most nutritious. That is why our beef, mutton, lamb, etc., are the best.

C. H. STONE & SON,

Cor. Mass. and Park Aves.
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Telephone 131-4 Arlington.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

—ON THE—

Passion Play of

Oberammergau

By Mr. F. Alexander Chandler

—ASSISTED BY—

The Noga Canora Mandolin, Guitar and

Harp Club of Boston,

Director—LURANIE GERRISH—Mandolin

MAIDIE COX, Mandolin,

FRANK F. GERRISH, Guitar,

AMY L. IVERS, Mandolin,

GERTRUDE E. GIFFORD, Harp Soloist.

Town Hall, Belmont, Mass.,

Wednesday Evening,

October 16, 1901,

Commencing at 8 P. M. Doors Open at 7.30 P. M.

Reserved Seat Tickets, 50c.

General Admission Tickets, 35c.

TICKETS ON SALE AT

Crocker's Waverley Pharmacy;

La Bonte's Belmont Pharmacy.

A number of the lantern slides used are

from photographs taken by Mr. Chandler at

the 1900 production.

TRY

GROSSMITH'S

Eau de Quinice

Hair Tonic.

Sure cure for dandruff and falling hair.

Keeps the hair moist.

C. W. GROSSMITH,

Registered Pharmacist,

Mass. Ave., Cor. Mystic St., Arlington.

MISS K. T. McGRATH,

Dressmaker.

UNDER THE LABURNUM.

Beneath the slim laburnum tree,
Where lights and shadows meet and fly,
Sink deep in drowsy thought still,
Still while the loitering hours go by,
Lulled by the dusky wandering bee,
Sung by the hidden thrush on high.

Winds through the trailing branches go
And loose the fragile blossoms hold;
They part, and where she sits below
Down in a broken ring the lilies loiled;
The petals, light as flakes of snow,
Lie on her curls, pale gold on gold.

The dropping notes about her rouse
Thoughts of a tale of old renown,
And she is Danae in a drowse,
Fallen now her high tower's brazen crown,
And through the bright laburnum boughs
Jove in a golden shower comes down.

—Walter Hogg in Chambers' Journal.

A Tragedy of The Trench

By LALLY BERNARD

Soaking rains and sodden ground; a small barrier of upturned sod, looking as if an anchor from a balloon had scooped up a few yards of soil and then soared upward again. Behind this little hummock two men are lying flat on their faces, while a third figure is doubled up and forms a support for one of the two men—a steady support for the rifle. He lies absolutely still; has been dead for hours—with a bullet through his brain. Getting cramped beyond endurance, he had, in spite of his companions' remonstrances, insisted on rising and stretching his limbs and, as they had predicted, fell back dead.

The two living men are filthy and in rags; their boots, half torn from their feet, look like those forlorn leather mysteries one finds in ditches and out of the way places, always suggestive of some tragedy or of thieving tramps who may have discarded them for a less hopeless pair which they have managed to collect on their rounds.

It is hard to tell which of the men is the elder; each one is sunburned and grimed with dirt; two weeks' growth on cheek and chin makes their sunken faces positively ferocious; their eyes have a hungry gleam. It is days since they have had a meal, subsisting on ration biscuits more resembling dog's food than ought else, but they have carefully nibbled at these to eke out sustenance.

For eight long hours these men have lain in this shallow trench, so shallow that when bullets come whistling over their heads their faces are pressed in the loose earth for protection. The aching from cold and damp is becoming well nigh unendurable, and now and then one or the other casts a glance toward the crushed and twisted form beside them with an expression of envy, as if it suggested a welcome thought.

Curzon, the elder man of the two, manages, with a great effort, to get his pipe alight.

"Hold on a bit, Mortlake," he says to his companion, "and you shall have a pull presently."

"I'd give my soul for a cigarette," groans Mortlake.

"Pipe better, old man; rain can't put it so quick."

"Well, while you are getting your whiff, I'll take a pot at the beggars, then you can take a turn at this business," raising himself gingerly and sighting his rifle as he speaks.

In another moment he tumbles back, knocking the pipe and its precious contents out of Curzon's mouth. "Good God, Morty, you're not done for?" gasps Curzon. "Guess so," feebly from Mortlake. "Got any stuff in your flask?"

"Only a drop, cursed luck as it is," and without a second's hesitation he whips out the flask and holds it to the white lips of his friend.

"That's enough, that's enough; don't pour all the precious stuff down my throat. I may be dead in ten minutes, and you'll need it more than I will."

"No nonsense, old man; try and wriggle around, so that a tiny hole it must be; wish I could stop the blood. In your side? Here? Bad—does it hurt?"

"Not much, feel sick and queer; think I'm off. Hope not. Got a lot to live for." A pause. "How does a fellow feel when he is going? Don't know—of course you don't. Do I look like it? Now, Curzon, don't get up, you can't mend matters, and if you were hit and I was left alone I should go mad. Ugh!"

"What is it, Morty—pain?"

"No, I forgot the poor devil under me, and his face is cold and wet; his boot is just in the small of my back."

Curzon moves the dead man's leg by pushing sideways with his foot; Mortlake grows deadly pale during the operation. "Is there any blood coming now, Curzon? Feel as if I were soaked in it."

"No, old fellow; keep up your courage for the matter's sake."

A moment of terrible silence while Curzon curses himself for a fool for having mentioned the matter's name. Mortlake, with a curious note in his voice, says, "You were always wanting me to keep up something for her sake, weren't you?"

"Oh, yes, you're right there, but don't get reminiscent and sentimental; keep up; don't imagine it's a dangerous wound."

"Well, it's just as well these times to be ready to send in your checks; I never thought I'd get hit, a fellow never does; always looks to see the next poor chap go down instead. Remember the dance at the Vernons' the night before we sailed? Gad, how we chafed about this 'picnic,' as we called it. Never thought of this kind of thing. Call this war! Why, here we are shooting out of the graves we have started to dig for ourselves, and shooting men we have never laid eyes on—beastly impolite, I call it—with these long range rifles. Wonder if I hit any one before they bagged me?"

Curzon reaches carefully for the pipe, which is almost covered with mud, and tries to relight the smoldering embers.

"Got a light or a bit of paper about you, Morty? If I could get this blooming thing to go, a whiff would do you good. A letter—ah, thanks! The envelope is damp; can I use the inside sheet? Scant. Good Lord, how funny it seems!"

"You can have it, Curzon, old fellow," and Mortlake's face grows graver as he speaks, "but I promised the little girl who wrote it to keep it forever; keep a bit, and if I'm knocked out send it to her. Know her address, I expect. Think I'm a fool, perhaps. Well, the truth is I'm not comfortable in my mind about that little episode; awfully unsophisticated little girl, and perhaps I did run her a bit hard (my old way, you say); hang it all, I didn't mean to win her

young affection, but luck was against us. Country house party, two weeks constantly thrown together and then the excitement of coming out here; tears and a scene, lost my head, couldn't seem a brute, so played the game; exchanged rings, wrote foolish letters, tragic goodby, and here we are."

"Morty, you are incorrigible," says Curzon. "Where is her ring? You would like me to send it if—that is, you would like her to have it again if things don't come right."

"Bet I would; she has got the ring the dad left me—family heirloom and all that. The matter will want my young brother to have it if I get out."

With great difficulty he gets at a chain to which is attached a medley of articles, and among them a magnificent ring of opals and diamonds. Curzon stretches out his hand to take it, giving a hearty grasp to the shaking hand that delivers the heavy gold circlet. An instant later his eyes light on the ring; a curious sound comes from between his teeth, which are closed over the pipestem.

"Not hit, Curzon?" almost screams Mortlake.

"No; keep quiet, you fool; you will hurt yourself." The tone is stern, and Mortlake wriggles back in his old position. There is a long silence; then, "Morty, lad, you never gave me the address, and I shall have to get your ring for your mother."

"Oh, the address is inside the letter. As for my ring, I trust you to get me out of this final scrape, as you have done so many others in days gone by."

Curzon suddenly asks, "I wonder if I know her?"

"Oh, yes; of course you do, old chap. She told me your place was quite near her father's and that you had known her as a child. Cecil Vereker—you must remember her."

For a moment there is a dead silence. Curzon grips his rifle until the veins of his hand stand out like whipcord and mutters under his breath: "Known her as a child! Good God, and this is how the ring I gave her comes back to me. Wonder if the ring I left for her is guarding the heirloom of the Mortlake family and if other men's trinkets are hanging on my watch chain? Heaven above—unsophisticated! Shall I tell him? Better not; if he must go, let him go believing her to be what he thinks her. If he lives—well, if he lives, as there is a God in heaven she will have to tell him. Bah! And to think—"

"Curzon, do you think the end is near? I am getting awfully cold shivers down my back. What is the chance of our getting out of this infernal hole alive?"

"Our chance depends upon how the mounted troops draw them off to the right. Take my coat, Morty; I don't feel cold, can wiggle out of it."

"No, hang it, I am not as selfish as all that, Curzon. Feel my head, a bit light. This place is becoming a well. Can't see clearly. Is this—how it comes?"

"Nonsense, man; pull yourself together. You'll pull through all right." His voice has a terrible anxious ring, however.

"The whisky has gone to your head. You want a meal, that's what you want, and warm blankets. I've seen men live to a hale old age with a wad of lead in their insides."

"I don't believe there is any left inside; seems to have gone clean through, and expect that infernal hem!"

"Shut up, Morty. Keep up your old time grit. Think I hear a horse galloping, and no man would be such an ass if they are not retreating." Looks carefully out, then ducks.

"Jove, it is a mounted officer, and there come stretcher bearers. Hold up, old man, we'll fix you all right." Shouts for stretcher bearers, waving his hat on his rifle. Two minutes later five men are bending over Mortlake; one, a surgeon, makes hasty examination of wound, cutting away uniform. Curzon kneels beside his friend, who writhes with pain, his lips pressed between his teeth as the hypodermic syringe is quickly called into service.

Bullets begin to plow up the earth close to the little group. "Curse the cowards, they always aim at the bearers," growls one man.

Surgeon—All right here. Lucky escape for the lad. Clean fresh wound. Can't spare much blood though, looks as if he needed food.

"Thank God!" from Curzon.

From Mortlake, faintly: "Afraid I made a bit of an ass of myself, old chap."

Surgeon—Move on, men; getting too hot; try and get him out of harm's way.

A bearer sinks to the ground with a bullet in his ankle. Curzon rises and takes his place hurriedly, lays Mortlake gently on the stretcher, and they move off, the ring, still in Curzon's hand, pressing into the palm as the weight of the stretcher begins to tell.

"Stop a second," he calls to the front bearer: "must shift weight a bit; am fearfully stiff." Then he draws a long breath, squaring his broad shoulders and stretching his limbs with delight. "This is better than that sodden hole; bullets or no bullets, one is a man again."

"Curzon, for God's sake, hurry," comes in feeble tones from the stretcher.

At that moment Curzon pitches headlong in the mud. The ring from his open hand rolls to one side, the surgeon steps up to take his place, and his foot presses the shining jewels deep into the African mud, mixed now in a red paste. Gives one glance at the face as he turns Curzon over.

"Devils—clean through the heart. A brave man gone. Can you stand a trot, man? Our only chance." The surgeon does not wait for an answer, but takes the handles of the stretcher and heads for the nearest dressing station.

Curzon sleeps undisturbed on the darkening velvet, with his outstretched hand pointing toward the buried ring—New York Evening Post.

East Indian Nabobs.

The possessions of some of the Indian maharajahs are food for fun as well as wonderment sometimes. There is one of the richest rajahs who has a passion for acquiring things in bulk, and during his visit to England he astonished some of the tradespeople by ordering whole show-cases of jewels or silver, sometimes a whole trayful of toothbrushes or a windowful of various scented soaps. In art also his purchases were equally expansive, and on one occasion he was so charmed with a picture that he ordered it to be copied three times so that he might have one hanging on each wall of his favorite room.

But perhaps the most extraordinary order which was ever given or undertaken was that for two dressing bags, one the exact duplicate of the other, and each of such an enormous size that the two together were a camel's load. They were made of the ordinary brown leather, but inside they were most luxuriously mounted, and they cost \$5,000 apiece.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-3.
Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 36-3.
A. L. Bacon, 128-2.
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 1686.
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
David Clark, Arl. 89-3.
Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 38-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 3856-3.
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.
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James O. Holt, provision dealer, Arl. 337-2.
W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3; or 149-3.
Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 329-3.
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.
H. B. Johnson, Arl. 134-2.
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Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 34-3; house, 31-3.
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Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.
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H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 2133.
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C. T. West, undertaker, Lex. 28-4; house, 31-2.
Wetherbee Bros., Arl. 149-6.

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Piano and Furniture Moving a specialty. Storage room for Furniture, Stoves, etc. We make two trips to Boston daily, first at 8.30. First team from Boston at 1.30.

Boston Offices—36 Court St., 48 Chatham St., 17 Kingston St., order box, Faneuil Hall Market.

Arlington Offices—Cushing's Store at Heights Town Hall, corner Henderson Street, and McRowe's store.

WOOD BROS.' EXPRESS

Residence at 677 Mass. avenue. ARLINGTON.

Have Your Horses Shod

AT Mill Street Sholing Forge, 26 Mill Street, ARLINGTON.

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Pompadour and Children's Hair-cutting a specialty. Beards Shaved and Reconciled.

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HORSE HARNESS STABLE CLOTHING SADDLERY OUTFITS 448 Massachusetts Avenue, ARLINGTON.

THE HIGHER PRIVILEGE.

For some the narrow lane of "must." Be mine the highroad "may." Better to love, be happy, trust, Than simply to obey.

O troubled over many things, Choose thou the better part, Service unconscious of self, And childlikeness of heart!

Why cast your burden on the Lord And strive to drag it too? Choose work an opportunity Till it grows joy to you.

"Ought" is a servant's work, not mine; I sign no grudging pledge. I am a child and son; my toil Is only privilege.

Who'd be a thrall to vain debates Of "were this right or wrong?" When he might toss these cares to God And catch instead a song!

Why breathe earth's heavy atmosphere, Forgetful we can fly, When the high spirit, "God is Love," Alures us to the sky!

The virtues hide their vanquished foes Within that whiter flame Till conscience grows irrelevant And duty but a name!

—Frederick Lawrence Knowles in Zion's Herald.

FACIAL NEURALGIA.

The Cause of and Treatment For This Distressing Malady.

This term is used to designate recurring paroxysms of pain, usually affecting but one side of the face.

The cause of the trouble is, of course, an important consideration, since if it can be found there is a chance that it may be removed, and its removal will eventually, although perhaps not immediately, terminate the attacks.

This tracing of the pain to its source—the point where some form of inflammation irritates the delicate nerve endings—is not always easy. One naturally looks first to the teeth, which are often at the root of the trouble, but the nose, the throat or the ear may each be the seat of diseases which occasion the neuralgia, or it may be chargeable to some disorder of the stomach or to a deranged condition of the general health, although the two latter causes are more often accessory rather than primary.

In almost every case the sufferer is compelled, from the severity of the pain, to seek temporary relief in whatever way he may.

When an attack is allowed to proceed without the employment of any means to ameliorate it, the initial dull pain increases by darts and throbbing, slowly becoming more violent and rapid until the sufferer shrinks almost as if from blows. Then, having reached its worst, it gradually or suddenly vanishes.

Heat applied externally in some form is always beneficial. It may be applied to the face and neck by means of the hot water bag or bottle or of the more primitive hot bag or salt bag. The important thing is to have the bag large, thick, soft and flexible, so that it may long retain its heat and fit easily and closely to the face and neck.

Recurrence of the attacks is caused by exposure to cold and dampness, especially to damp winds, and by any exposure or injury of the nerves especially affected. It is common, for example, for an attack to recur with severity after the removal of an offending tooth, especially if the removal is attended with laceration of the gum or jaw.

Internal remedies, best used under the physician's direction, are frequently necessary. Treatment, however, is never to be confined to the relief of pain; the sufferer should invariably be sustained with tonics and an abundance of food. A generous diet, especially in the matter of fatty food, like butter, cream and olive oil, is important.

Strength is lent to the theory that malaria frequently complicates facial neuralgia by the fact that the remedies employed against malaria almost always lessen the force of neuralgic attacks.

The chances of being permanently relieved from neuralgia are less in persons past middle age than in the young and vigorous. For this reason, if for no other, efforts to locate and annihilate the cause should be determined from the beginning.—Youth's Companion.

Long Hair and Nervousness.

The man who runs a certain bathhouse is full of theories about difficult diseases, and some of his theories are at least interesting. Speaking to a patron who had very thick hair, he said:

"I see you are one of those nervous people." You had better take pine needle baths."

"What made you conclude I was nervous?" inquired the gentleman.

"I knew it from your hair," was the reply.

"How so?"

"Because all thick, coarse haired people are nervous."

"Why?"

"Well, it stands to reason, doesn't it, if you overplant a small patch of ground you will deplete the soil? It's the same way with a man's head. When a man has a big crop of coarse hair, his nerves pay the penalty. Baldheaded men are seldom nervous."—New York Times.

Young Men Should Not Shun Politics.

We shall have reason to hail it as a wholesome sign of the times when American youth cease to be indifferent to politics. A country in which any man, however obscure his origin, may, through determination to overcome obstacles and fine strength of character, arrive at the highest distinctions in the gift of the republic, ought to stimulate young men to splendid endeavor and rich achievement. One regrets to observe an aversion on the part of many men to study political economy and a singular lack of responsibility in wielding that power of the unit, which is so tremendous a force in our national life.—Ladies' Home Journal.

For Art's Sake.

"Griseida," said the visiting relative, "you ought not to try to sing when you are shivering with the chills."

"I haven't got the chills, auntie," replied the church choir soprano, "I am practising on my tremolo."—Chicago Tribune.

His Grounds For Confidence. She—Your proposal of marriage comes quite unexpected. He—So much the better. She—Why, pray?

He—Because it's the unexpected that usually happens.—Chicago News.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is the more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

SERVANTS IN GERMANY.

The Whole Subject Is Under the Control of the Police.

A group of bright women sat discussing their travels abroad. All had made something more than a tour of European hotels and all had observed something of interest to women outside the beaten tracks.

"The methods by which they eliminate the 'servant girl question' in Germany," said one—the wife of a professor in an important American university—"are very interesting. They go at it with the same thoroughness with which the German attacks everything, whether a rare species of beetle or the organization of the army."

"The whole subject is under the control of the police. They have every servant girl listed. If a housewife requires help in her kitchen, but is unable to pay much for it, by application to the proper authorities she can secure a young girl without experience. A contract is made for a year. The employer agrees to feed and clothe the girl and to teach her certain specified things in housekeeping, but no wages are paid. At the end of the year the housewife can retain the girl by paying her small wages and agreeing to continue her education in housework to a certain specified extent."

"The things she is to teach are 'dominated in the bond,' and she is expected to rigidly carry out her end of the agreement in consideration of the fact that she pays little or no wages. In this way, you see, the servant serves an apprenticeship. It is much superior, I think, to our way, in which we take ignorant girls, teach them everything they know, even to speak English, and pay them nearly or quite as much as a well trained servant."

"If you want a thoroughly competent servant in Germany, you can get one at a specified price. And you can examine the record of every girl at the police station. If she has ever been discharged, you will find the fact there, with the reasons therefor, and thus can tell her character at a glance without resort to the farcical letter of recommendation given by a former employer."

"As the system implies, every German woman is an absolutely competent housewife. She knows the business of running a house thoroughly. Young girls of good family after they leave school often go to some particularly competent housewife, whom they pay to put the finishing touches upon their education in this respect. I knew one such woman who brought up three sons by means of taking boarders and of teaching young women of good families in the manner described."—New York Times.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Sitting still is a noble art that is going out of fashion.—"Quality Corner."

The romance of one generation makes the realities of the next.—"Tristram of Blent."

There is nothing meaner than the man that is rich and has nothing but money.—"The Autocrats."

If other people would only be as reasonable as we are what a heaven this earth would be.—"Cranksisms."

Before a man is capable of a great love he must have felt the need of it in his life.—"Arrows of the Almighty."

No one can determine to believe evil of another without planting in his own soul the seeds of deterioration.—"Sir Christopher."

The importance of plain talk can't be overestimated. Any thought, however abstruse, can be put in speech that a boy or negro can grasp.—"The Crisis."

A poet may be a good companion, but so far as I know he is ever the worst of fathers. Even as grandfather he is too near, for one poet can lay a streak of poverty over three generations.—"D'ri and I."

If brain workers would only do like cows—gather up their material as they walk around in the fields and woods and assimilate it while resting well—they would have more brains.—"Summer Hymnal."

Stage Story of a Tree.

Mr. Beaumont's first London engagement was to play in "The Star of India," one of Arthur Shirley's stirring melodramas. His great moment was when he had to bind the hero to a stump of an "ancient tree," in a very beautiful jungle setting. There was a dark change from an interior to the jungle, and one night when Mr. Beaumont and the hero rushed on they were horrified to discover that the tree was missing. Mr. Beaumont at once made up his mind to speak his lines just the same and drag the hero out of sight.

Unfortunately, the men under the stage were under an impression that the lights were still lowered, and just as Mr. Beaumont cried in his loudest voice that the hero should be lashed to the trunk of a tree they pushed the tree up through the floor. The audience, after a moment of utter amazement, burst into a roar of laughter and applause at the expense of the struggling hero and enraged villain.—Mainly About People.

Mermaids and Mermen.

The dugong, a species of whale found abundantly in the waters of both the great oceans, but especially off the coast of Australia, in the Pacific, is believed to have furnished the slender basis upon which all mermaid and mermen stories have been founded. Its general length is from eight to twenty feet. It has a head much resembling that of the human species and breathes by means of lungs. It feeds upon submarine beds of seaweeds, and when wounded makes a noise like a mad bull. Long hair in the female species and hair and beard in the male add to the human resemblance of the head and neck. The flesh of this species of whale is used for food, and is said to have the flavor of bacon, mutton or beef, according to the parts of the body from which the meat is taken.

Why He Quit.

"I thought you were given a job in the public service because of the work you did for the party."

"I was, but I quit."

"Why?"

"Why? Why, hang it all, they're getting so blamed particular now that they want a letter to work for his salary."—Chicago Post.

As to Luck.

"I wonder if anybody's as unlucky as I am," grumbled the first pessimist. "I never have any luck at all."

"Huh!" snorted the other, "you're lucky. It's better to never have any luck at all than to be always having bad luck like me."—Philadelphia Press.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Boston Elevated Railway Co. SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville), 4.30, 5.09 a.m., and intervals of 8, 10, 20 and 30 minutes to 11.15 p.m. SUNDAY—7.02 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11.15 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE—To Adams Sq., 11.25, 12.06, 12.37, 1.06, 1.37, 2.37, 3.37 (4.37, 5.37 a.m., Sunday) a.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUBWAY—5.01 a.m., and intervals of 8, 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.12 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY—6.01, 6.31 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.12 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.)

ARLINGTON CENTRE TO SULLIVAN SQ. TRIMMAY via Broadway—5.28, and intervals of 10 and 15 minutes to 12.03 night. SUNDAY—6.31 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 20 minutes to 12.03 night. Via Medford Hillside, 5.33 a.m., and 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 12.05 night. SUNDAY—6.36 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 15 minutes to 12.05 night.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice President. August 31, 1901.

Arlington and Winchester Street Railway.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell and Lynn at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p.m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington, 5.45, 7.05 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p.m.

Cars at Winchester connect with Stoneham, Reading, Woburn and Lynn. Sundays.

Leave Arlington Centre at 8.45, 9.15 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 p.m., then 11.20 p.m.

Leave Winchester square at 9.05, 9.45 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p.m., then 11.45.

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

IN EFFECT, JUNE 24, 1901.

TRAINS TO BOSTON FROM

Lexington—4.35, 5.56, 6.26, 6.56, 7.26, 7.56, 8.31, 8.43, 9.28, 9.59, 11.10 A. M., 12.09, 12.50, 2.05, 2.20, 3.45, 4.39, 5.10, 6.36, 8.09, 9.09, 10.09 P. M.; Sunday, 9.14 A. M., 1.23, 4.25, 7.55 P. M.

Arlington Heights—4.45, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.37, 8.53, 10.07, 11.19 A. M., 12.15, 1.00, 2.18, 3.54, 4.45, 5.19, 6.47, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15 P. M., 2.48 P. M., Saturday only. Sunday, 9.24 A. M., 1.38, 4.35, 8.06 P. M.

Brattle—4.47, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.05, 11.21 A. M., 12.20, 1.02, 2.20, 3.56, 4.48, 5.21, 6.50, 8.30, 9.20, 10.20 P. M., Sundays, 9.27, A. M., 1.40, 4.38, 8.08 P. M.

Arlington—4.50, 6.12, 6.42, 7.09, 7.12, 7.37, 7.42, 7.56, 8.09, 8.16, 8.41, 9.00, 9.37, 10.12, 11.24 A. M., 12.23, 1.06, 2.23, 3.59, 4.51, 5.24, 6.46, 6.50, 6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23 P. M., 2.52 P. M., Saturdays only. Sundays, 9.30 A. M., 1.43, 4.40, 8.11 P. M.

Lake Street—4.53, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 7.58, 8.19, 9.03, 10.15, 11.26 A. M., 12.25, 1.07, 2.25, 4.01, 5.27

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 13.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxxix, 20, to xl, 15—Memory Verses, 21-23—Golden Text, Gen. xxxix, 21—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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20, 21. "He was there in the prison, but the Lord was with Joseph." The last lesson left Joseph a slave in the house of Potiphar in Egypt, but verse 2 of this chapter says, "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man."

He seems by the grace of God to have risen above all his circumstances, young though he was and trying though they were, and to have determined that God should be glorified in him (Phil. i, 20).

Potiphar said that the Lord was with him and made all that he did to prosper. This is splendid testimony and might, by the grace of God, be true of every believer (compare chapter xxvi, 28). Then notice Potiphar's unbounded confidence in him. He put all that he had in Joseph's hand and left it there without a care (see in verses 4 to 6 the expression, "all that he had" four times). Let us without hesitation place all that we are and have in the hands of our Lord Jesus and leave all there with the full assurance that He will see to it (Ps. xxvii, 5; Prov. xvi, 3). Think of the widow and the boy who each gave all to Him (Luke xxi, 4; John vi, 11). The adversary cannot stand such righteousness and victory over circumstances, and he is permitted to humiliate Joseph yet more, so under a base, false accusation Joseph is cast into prison, but being innocent the Lord is with him and lightens his affliction somewhat by giving him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison. But it was hard for him for a time, for it is written that they hurt his feet with fetters, he was laid in iron, until the time that his word came, the word of the Lord tried him (Ps. cv, 18, 19). We may imagine the adversary suggesting that now all his visions and dreams had come to naught, for he would never get out of this prison, yet we doubt not that his mind was staid upon Jehovah, and he had victory by faith.

22, 23. "Whatsoever they did there he was the doer of it." As in Potiphar's house so in the prison all things were placed under him. The keeper of the prison looked not to anything, for it was evident that the Lord was with him and made all that he did to prosper. Circumstances do not always indicate prosperity or otherwise. It is the presence and blessing of God that constitute true prosperity; Daniel was prosperous in the lions' den, and his friends in the fiery furnace; David was more prosperous than Saul the king, even though he fled from him, for God was with him. Every step in the life of Joseph and of David was a step to a throne, and so it is with the believer, for the overcomer is promised a seat with Christ on His throne (Rev. iii, 21). The cross is the way to the crown.

xl, 1-4. Pharaoh's chief butler and baker suddenly find themselves with Joseph in the prison, and he serves them while they continue there for a season. Like our Lord Jesus, Joseph is not only numbered with transgressors and has things laid to his charge that he knew not, but he is also an illustration of ministering unto others rather than being ministered unto (Isa. liii, 12; Ps. xxxv, 11; Matt. xx, 28). The offense of these officers brought them not only imprisonment, but the possibility of death. If our Lord was strict to mark iniquity, who could stand? But He is the Lord God, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, though He will by no means clear the guilty who refuse to turn to Him (Ex. xxxiv, 6, 7).

5-7. One morning Joseph finds these two prisoners very unhappy and manifesting it so plainly in their faces that he asked them, "Wherefore look ye so sadly today?" We think of our Lord's question to the two who walked to Emmaus, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another as ye walk and are sad?" (Luke xxiv, 17). But their sadness was due to their unbelief. One day the king noticed that Nehemiah was sad (Neh. i, 1-5), but his sadness was due to his sorrow because of the desolation of the holy city Jerusalem. The fellowship of Christ's sufferings will bring us much sorrow, but in the midst of all we may rejoice in the Lord, as sorrowful yet always rejoicing (II Cor. vi, 10).

8. "Do not interpretations belong to God? Tell me them, I pray you." They were sad because of their dreams, which they had each dreamed in the same night and which they could not understand. They had not forgotten their dreams and retained only a sort of troubled remembrance, like Nebuchadnezzar, but, though they could not tell each other his dream, they feared lest no one could explain the dreams. Joseph's saying, "Interpretations belong to God; tell your dream to me," was equal to saying, "I am acquainted with God" or "I am here for God" or "God is with me." See chapter xli, 16, and Dan. ii, 18, 28. What a blessed thing to be so intimate with God, to walk with Him in such communion! Yet that is the privilege of a child of God (Ex. Cor. vi, 16-18; John xiv, 23; Deut. xxiv, 10).

9-15. They told their dreams to Joseph, and he interpreted them, and it came to pass according to the interpretation, the chief butler was restored to his butlership again, and the chief baker was hanged (verses 21, 22). The butler told his dream first, and when the baker saw that the interpretation was good he also told his dream, and Joseph was faithful in his interpretation, though it forebode no good to the baker. The servant of God must declare judgment and mercy with equal faithfulness. It is not for him to withhold anything for fear of hurting people's feelings. See the faithfulness of Samuel when but a child in declaring the whole message to Eli (I Sam. iii, 17, 18).

How touching the entreaty of Joseph to the chief butler, "Think on me when it shall be well with thee and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me," etc. (verses 14, 15). He did not cease to feel the wrong that was done to him, he did not forget his poor old father from whom he had been stolen, nor the home from which he had been so cruelly snatched away, and probably it was a daily conflict to rise above these things and do his work with a quiet mind. How sad to read in verse 23, "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." It makes one think of the poor wise man who delivered a city, yet no one remembered that same poor man (Eccl. ix, 14, 15).

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER. Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH. Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence, Massachusetts Avenue, near Elm Avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, residence, Locust Avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12:00 p.m.; Follen Alliance fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence, Hancock Street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E., Monday evening, prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH. Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence, Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E., Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

Branch Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 8 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45, prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS. Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTASOPHS. Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS. Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts Avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB. Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB. Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB. Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB. Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB. Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.
46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.
47 cor. School and School streets.
48 cor. Clark and Forest streets.
49 cor. Mass. Avenue and Cedar street.
50 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.
51 Bedford street—Opp. J. M. Reed's.
52 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.
53 cor. Ash and Reed streets.
54 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.
55 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.
56 Lowell street near Arlington line.
57 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.
58 cor. Mass. Avenue and Woburn street.
59 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.
60 Mass. Avenue and Ferry road.
61 Mass. Avenue opp. Village hall.
62 Mass. Avenue and Pleasant street.
63 Mass. Avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.
64 Mass. Avenue and Sylvia streets.
65 Bedford street near Elm street.
66 Centre Engine House.
67 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.
68 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.
69 Hancock street near School Avenue.
70 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.
71 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.
72 Mass. Avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morrill estate, Lowell street.
232 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, taper at residence of chief engineer, taper at residence of first assistant engineer, taper at residence of second assistant engineer, taper at pumping station, taper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, taper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, taper at centre engine house, taper at East Lexington engine house, taper at residence of James E. Shively.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists. Give the alarm at the nearest box. Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance. Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm. You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible person for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

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JAMES COMLEY.

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A good 5c. cigar can be and is often sold for 10c., because large sums are expended in advertising it which the smoker must pay for.

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Is such a 5c. cigar. It is worth 5c. No manufacturer can give you better. Try one and be convinced.

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THEY SAID THAT LOVE WAS BLIND

They said that love was blind—alackaday!
Then strung the lute with heartstrings, soft
with tears.

And love was blind, but thoughtless man and maid
withdrew.

Forgot that love had ears.

They said that love was blind and let him play
With apple blossoms, sifted through the years,
And now each kindred petal in the spring
Breathes what love hears.

—Virginia Fraser Boyle in Harper's Magazine.

Colonel
Waldo Watterson's
Hospitality

BY JUSTIN M'GRATH

Elwood had just returned from the south. It was his first visit, and, like all northerners, he was charmed with southern hospitality and quite enthusiastic about it. He told us of his experience, and his manner indicated the great delight it had afforded him.

"Your relation of your experience in the south, Elwood, recalls to me an experience of my own with southern hospitality during the civil war," said Major McDougal. "It was somewhat different from yours, but quite as pleasant in its way."

Major McDougal took out a fresh cigar. We assumed an attitude of attention and interest. It was always a treat to hear the major tell of his war experiences. He seemed to have such rare ones and was able to invest their narration with such charm that you always felt a regret when listening that you had not lived in those days. When he had taken a long puff and blown the smoke away into the air, the major began:

In June, 1864, while I was stationed in Memphis, I received orders to go over into northern Arkansas and pay off the Federal troops in that section. Price's army had been driven south by that time, but to meet a possible attack from guerrillas I was given a guard of fifty men. Our journey had to be made overland, and we were equipped with a wagon train. At the end of a hot day and after a dusty march we reached the little town of Paragould. Our coming into the town was quite an event. When Lieutenant March, who was in charge of the guard, picked out a site to pitch camp for the night, the putting up of the tents was watched by a curious crowd of townspeople. My tent was put up first. As I stepped out, after arranging things, I was saluted by as picturesque a looking personage as I had ever beheld. He was a handsome old fellow of about sixty, I should say, but as straight as an arrow. His long coat, shiny and somewhat green with age; his broad expanse of shirt front, his tie hat of the style much worn in the south before the war, were all suggestive of better days. He looked for all the world like the caricatures you see in the comic papers nowadays of the crushed tragedian. His air, however, was distinguished and courtly and checked the desire to laugh which his attire inspired. Lowering his hat with a graceful wave, he said:

"Majah, permit me, sah, to welcome you to Paragould."

His grandiose manner suggested ownership of the town. I concluded he must be a person of local importance. I thanked him for his welcome.

"Are we to enjoy the honah of your presence for long, sah?" he asked.

I replied that we would break camp in the morning.

"I regret that most sincerely, sah, for we would like to show you some little social attentions in Paragould. How evah, we will not let you depart without some slight effort to make your brief stay pleasant, and I hope, sah, you and the officer in command of your escort will do Mmme. Jones and myself the honah, sah, of supping with us this evening. That is Mmme. Jones's mansion thar, sah!" He pointed to a rather modest weather worn house on a hill a short distance from the camp.

"Mmme. Jones is a relative of mine, sah—a widow whose son is now at the front in the Confederate service," he continued.

"This deplorable war, sah, has made sad inroads into our resources, but, sah, an officer and a gentleman—even though cherishing different sentiments from ours and engaged in upholding a cause which we oppose—shall not have it to say that he passed through Paragould without an offer of our hospitality."

I thanked him with a bow and turned to Lieutenant March, who came up just then for a few words with me. When I had answered the lieutenant's queries, my visitor stepped up.

"May I claim the honah of a presentation to the lieutenant, sah?" he said, and, without waiting for a reply:

"I am Colonel Waldo Watterson, sah."

"Lieutenant March," I said.

"Delighted to meet you, lieutenant," he responded. "Allow me to compliment you on the appearance of your men, sah. They look thorough soldiers, sah. I have just invited the majah to sup this evening with Mmme. Jones—my relative, sah—and myself, and I hope you, too, will honah us, sah."

He seemed to read a declination in my countenance and made quick to forestall it by holding out additional inducements.

"It is just a few steps from your camp and if you will come I will promise you the finest mint juleps you ever put to your lips. Mmme. Jones grows her own mint, and in the concoction of a julep she has, believe me, no equal in the southern states. I should like for you, majah, and our friend the lieutenant to receive one from her own fair hands. It will be something to be remembered. I assure you, sahs."

The old fellow caught my fancy, and I decided to accept his invitation just for the fun of the thing. I did not have the slightest fear of treachery behind his offer of hospitality, because I was convinced that there were no rebels about in any force. Besides, the house he pointed out as that of Mmme. Jones was too near our camp to admit of any surprise. So I told him the lieutenant and I would be pleased to accept his kind invitation.

"The pleasure is all ours, sah," he replied. "I will return for you in an hour to escort you to the mansion. But before I go, majah, there is a little matter—a matter of some delicacy—which I am forced to communicate to you, sah."

He came up closer to me and, though the lieutenant had gone and we were

alone, spoke in low tones, as if imparting a matter of the greatest confidence.

"You see, majah," he said, "we have been sadly devastated by the wah in Paragould, and, as I said, our resources have been drawn upon to an extent which could not be foreseen. I am afraid, sah, that in the present emergency Mmme. Jones' stock of liquors has been depleted, and, as there is no way of replenishing it in Paragould just now, I am compelled by the exigency of the occasion to request that a slight quantity of whiskey for the juleps be furnished by your commissary."

"That will be all right," I said. "Do you wish to take it with you?"

"No, sah, thank you; I will send our niggah for it," he said. And he departed with the promise to return in an hour to escort us to the house.

In about half an hour an old negro presented himself at my tent with a note from Colonel Waldo Watterson. It ran thus:

My Dear Major—I am in a state of great mental perturbation. When I communicated to Mmme. Jones that I had invited you and Lieutenant March to sup with us, she was filled with delight at the prospective pleasure of your visit, but when she reflected upon the condition of her larder she was plunged into deep distress. In fact, sir, she was moved to tears. She mourned the fact that she was not sufficiently provided to entertain two such distinguished officers and suggested that the invitation had best be recalled, though she would never cease to regret the painful circumstances which had deprived her of the pleasure of meeting you. Seeing how much she took the situation to heart, how deeply her pride was hurt, I bade her be of good cheer and to trust to me to provide all things necessary for your entertainment; but, sir, it pains me to say that I am at a loss as to how to do it, except to throw myself upon your chivalry. I have, therefore, prepared a small list of articles, which I trust you will let me have, in addition to the pint of whiskey which you previously—and with a delicacy which I shall never forget—offered to supply. Yours very cordially,

WALDO WATTERSON.

The list of articles which the colonel desired was inclosed. It called for potatoes, one-half a pound of coffee, and one-half a pound of sugar. I sent for the commissary sergeant, told him to give the negro the provisions requested, also a pint of whiskey, and charge up the account to me. I was becoming more and more interested and wanted to see the joke out. The negro departed with the packages, and about half an hour later Colonel Waldo Watterson put in an appearance, his countenance beaming with pleasure.

"Now, majah, if you will send for the lieutenant, we will proceed to the mansion. I think Mmme. Jones will have everything in readiness when we arrive."

He made not the slightest reference to his note of a half hour previous. Of course I did not. My orderly soon fetched Lieutenant March, and we three set out for the house, which was not more than a few hundred yards from the camp. The colonel walked between us and kept up a running conversation upon the war and its attendant misfortunes, ornamenting his discourse with many grandiloquent phrases. When we reached the house, or "mansion," as the colonel persisted in calling it, we were met at the door by the colored man who had brought the colonel's note to camp.

"Jackson," said the colonel, "you may inform your mistress that Major McDougal and Lieutenant March of the Federal army have arrived and are awaiting the honah of a presentation. Meantime, sahs, we will take seats here on the veranda. It is rather warm inside, and I think we will enjoy sitting out here and sipping our juleps while awaiting the announcement of supper."

The veranda was a very dilapidated porch, but the view from it was rather fine, and a slight breeze which came through the trees was a pleasant relief after our long march that day in the blazing sun.

In a few moments Mmme. Jones came out, and we were presented. She was a well preserved woman of about fifty. Her attire, like the colonel's, had the pretense of better days, and there was about her that indefinable charm which is indicative of refinement. She greeted us graciously and asked us if we wouldn't come into the parlor.

"I ventured to suggest, Lorena, that the gentlemen would find it more enjoyable to sip their juleps on the veranda," said the colonel.

"Certainly," she responded, "if they prefer it. If you will excuse me, I will see that they are served."

The colonel entertained us with all the gossip of the town, interspersing his narratives with frequent suggestions of his own importance in the community. In about ten minutes the negro, Jackson, came out bearing a tray with three juleps on it. He was followed by Mmme. Jones, who remained just long enough to express the hope that they were to our taste. We took a sip, pronounced them delicious, which, indeed, they were, and she then re-entered the house to look after the preparation of supper.

In a short while supper was announced by Jackson, and we went in, preceded by the colonel. The house looked bare and poverty stricken, but everything was scrupulously neat. The colonel took the head of the table, Mmme. Jones sat at the foot, and Lieutenant March and I were on either side. They had managed to scare up a chicken somewhere—I have always suspected Jackson—and it was nicely broiled. The chicken, some sliced tomatoes, boiled potatoes, bread, apple sauce and coffee constituted the meal.

During the meal the colonel's volubility was incessant. He regaled us with many of his experiences during the early days in the south, most of which we realized were fictitious, but which were none the less enjoyable on that account. Mmme. Jones was a charming hostess. Jackson acted as butler, and his get up was ludicrous. He wore a discarded coat of the colonel's and an expansive white tie made into a huge bow. It looked like one of Mmme. Jones's apron strings, and I think it probably was.

After the meal we repaired again to the veranda and were joined by Mmme. Jones.

"I would like to invite you gentlemen to smoke," said the colonel, "but I regret to say that I parted with the last of my tobacco to some Confederate officers—friends of mine—who passed through Paragould recently."

YOU NEED NOT "KEEP YOUR LAMP FILLED WITH OIL" BECAUSE ELECTRICITY IS ALWAYS READY



Get a good steady light and avoid all trouble, bother and possibly annoying and dangerous accidents by using electricity for household illumination.

Electricity makes your decorating lamps look handsome and emits no unpleasant odor.

Somerville Electric Light Co.

F. ELLWOOD SMITH,
General Manager,
110 Willow Ave., West Somerville.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.

The Registrars of Voters will meet in session in their room in the Town House, for the purpose of registering voters, THURSDAY, Oct. 17, 1901, from 7.30 to 9 o'clock P. M.; on SATURDAY, October 26, 1901, from 10 o'clock to 10 o'clock P. M.; also at Union Hall, Arlington Heights, on MONDAY, October 21, 1901, from 7.30 to P. M. Registration will close SATURDAY, October 26, 1901, at ten o'clock in the evening. And after the close of registration no name will be entered on the list of voters except as provided by statute.

WILLIAM A. PATTEE,
JOHN W. BAILEY,
WM. H. FITZPATRICK,
B. BELMONT LOCKE,
Registrars of Voters of Arlington.

Peirce & Winn Co.

Dealer in
Coals, Wood, Hay, Straw

Grain, Lime, Cement, Plaster,
Hair, Fertilizers, Sand, Drain
and Sewer Pipes, etc.

Teaming, Pillsbury Flour, New England Gas
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Arlington, Arlington Heights, and Lexington
Post-office Box B, Arlington
Telephone, 8-2 Arlington

JAS. A. McWILLIAMS,
House, Sign and Fresco
PAINTER.

All orders left with F. R. Daniels will
be promptly attended to.

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Shop: Rear 467 Mass. Ave.
Residence: 105 Franklin street.
ARLINGTON.

VISIT

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UP-TO-DATE AND POPULAR.
Easy Chairs, Experienced Workmen,
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C. H. GANNETT,
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53 State St., Boston. Telephone 3356-3.
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TO LET.
HOUSE OF SIX ROOMS, hot and cold
water and bath, furnace heat and gas.
Apply at 58 Myrtle street.

FURNISHED ROOM. one minute from
depot, hot and cold water in bath, fur-
nace heat, nicely furnished. Address X.
Y. Z., Enterprise office.

FURNISHED SOUTH ROOM with
steam heat and electric lighting, in
pleasant locality; three minutes' walk to
station and electric. Address H. A. L.,
Enterprise office.

STRAYED.
LARGE, BLACK HORSE to premises
of W. H. Gafford, State road, Lex-
ington, about two weeks ago. Owner
can have same by paying expenses.

BOARD AND ROOMS. Steam heat.
One room suitable for two gentlemen.
Lovely view across Spy pond. Call and
see them. Adam's home, 355 Massachusetts
avenue, corner Wyman street, Ar-
lington.

LADIES.
Why do any ladies Saturday, Oct. 13?
Come or send, and buy of the good
things that can be found at a food sale
which is to be held at the home of Mrs. C.
T. Parsons, 14 Claremont avenue, from
3 to 6, by the ladies of the Sunshine
club. It is to raise money for the con-
tinuance of the good work of the club.

CARD OF THANKS.
Mr. and Mrs. John Crowley, of 6 Mill
street, Arlington, desire to thank their
many friends and neighbors for the ex-
pressions of sympathy and other mani-
festations of the sorrow they have
shown during their late bereavement.
Arlington, Oct. 10, 1901.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Tomorrow noon, the Baptist Sunday
school celebrates "Rally day." Superin-
tendent W. E. Richardson is preparing
an interesting service. Dr. Watson
makes the address of welcome. Nelson
Blake speaks on "Our New Sunday
School Home." J. Howell Crosby speaks
on "The Christian in Politics" and there
will be special music. A full rally of all
the Sunday school and friends is urged,
and everybody is invited.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Court Pride, of Arlington, E. of A. initiated a number of candidates at its regular meeting, Monday evening, and several propositions for membership were received. The court continues to flourish and increase in numbers.

A handsome solid gold maltese charm, bearing the emblem of the Foresters of America, is offered by the court at the entertainment and dance to be given in the town hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 24, to the member selling the largest number of tickets before that date. The charm is being exhibited at Green Smith's pharmacy. The tickets are selling very rapidly.

William Nolan and John F. Teehan, expressmen in the employ of Johnson's Express company, were fined \$5 each at the district court in Cambridge, Tuesday. The trouble arose from a dispute over an express bundle, which both parties claimed the right to deliver.

The Arlington police believe they have a man who has been in a more or less degree connected with the recent break in the vicinity of Palmer street in the person of Daniel W. Rogers, who claims New York as his residence. He was arrested on a charge of vagrancy as he has been seen in the city and was taken to the police station brought officers to the street and the man was easily caught. At the district court in Cambridge the case was continued until Tuesday, when it is believed the man's record will be produced. Officer James Cox, of Cambridge, claims to recognize the man as Walter Edwards, who was convicted in 1888 for vagrancy and sentenced to three months in the house of correction. He was later sent to the New York for burglary. Rogers denies the statement of the officer. The police believe, however, he is the man who has been doing systematic stealing during the past three weeks, and say his system was to ring door bells in order to ascertain if there were people within the house. If there was no response, he would get in his fine work.

"Tom," the town cat, is seriously ill at the town hall. He has received the attention of the veterinarian and is being carefully nursed by "Ned" Mears, janitor of the building.

Miss Edith Fowle goes to Washington, D. C. Wednesday, to visit her brother, Fred Fowle, of the Smithsonian institute. She will remain there till Thanksgiving.

Division 43, A. O. H., has appointed a committee to arrange for their annual ball, to be held in town hall Thanksgiving eve.

Barber J. S. Barry has been having his shop renovated by having the walls frescoed and varnish liberally applied about the place. A Boston barber will enter his employ Monday.

John H. O'Keefe was sentenced at the Cambridge court, Tuesday, to six months in the house of correction for drunkenness.

A large number of Arlington people are to be given a three months' telephone service by the E. T. & T. Co., in an attempt to get a larger number of subscribers to an already flourishing and enterprising exchange. Management to install the necessary permission to install the telephone. He makes a strong argument in favor of the service by showing that no attempts at house-breaking have been made in houses where there are telephones, for the would-be burglars know the cause, with which the police are informed of their doings when discovered.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Sunday was rally day at the church. At 10 a. m. a community service was held, followed by the regular service at 10.30. An appropriate sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. H. F. Fisher, and a musical program was given by the chorus choir. At 12 o'clock services were held by the Sunday school. At 7 in the evening the Young People's union held a service, at which an address was given by Rev. H. D. Maxwell, of Somerville.

Miss Ella Somerby, of Massachusetts avenue, a graduate of the Arlington high school, has been accepted as a teacher in the New Orleans university in New Orleans, La.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

The Girls' Friendly society will meet Wednesday of each week. Miss Elizabeth McCrocker will succeed Miss Helen Arms as secretary.

The Women's guild held its first meeting Wednesday evening. Mrs. Frank H. Hubbard will succeed Mrs. Theodore Arms as vice-president.

Evening services were resumed at the church Sunday. Notwithstanding the cold weather, the church was well attended. Services both morning and evening were large.

All the sittings in the church are free, and the pastor and his people are anxious to extend cordial welcome to strangers. The evening service, beginning at 7.30, is chiefly choral, and is brought as nearly as possible into one hour.

Rev. James Yeames will preach at both morning and evening services tomorrow.

The Young Men's society of the parish held its annual election of officers Tuesday evening. President, W. D. Elwell, vice-president, Charles LeBurr, secretary, A. Oswald Yeames, treasurer, M. H. Oliver.

Tuesday is the monthly public evening of the St. John's Y. M. S. Rev. James Yeames will give the address in the parish house at 8 o'clock, on "Wonders of the Microscope," and a hearty invitation is given to the public to be present.

Miss Elizabeth McCracken has accepted the office of secretary of the St. John's Y. M. S. The society meets in the parish house every Wednesday evening.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Musgrave, of 51 Lake street, Arlington, observed the 25th anniversary of their marriage last evening. A reception was held from 8 to 10. The house was beautifully decorated and an orchestra provided entertainment.

N. J. Hardy catered. Guests were present from Somerville and Arlington, including Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyman, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wyman, Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Durgin, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney J. Hardy, Miss Nellie S. Hardy, Miss Mary C. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brown, field son and daughter, Miss Annette Gaddis, Miss Florence H. Gaddis, Miss Lizzie C. Gaddis. The host and hostess were assisted in receiving by their son, and the daughter and her husband.

Mrs. Musgrave have lived in Arlington for three years, coming from Somerville. Mr. Musgrave is a traveling salesman.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

An arrangement has been effected by which Rice's superb presentation of "Evangeline" will terminate its engagement at the Columbia theatre, Boston, Saturday evening, October 13, and go on tour, appearing in all the principal cities. On the Monday following, "The King's Carnival" will appear, coming direct from the New York theatre, and its entire gorgeous paraphernalia, and nearly two hundred people, in New York "The King's Carnival" has appeared for many months, to audiences crowding the house to the doors. In the last act, a scene of the best known people in comic opera and extravaganza, and there is a superb chorus and ballet. The present attraction, "Evangeline," shows no diminution in its popularity. 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